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The Shape of Things

THE PERVERSE STREAK IN HUMAN NATURE that makes it embrace the evil and neglect the good is well demonstrated these days at Lake Success. The visitors and the hungry newsmen crowd the Security Council chamber when a spat between Gromyko and Austin is expected. But next door, likely as not, the Economic and Social Council is playing to empty galleries. All that it is doing is building into reality some of the vague aspirations set forth in the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms manifesto. It is grappling with the problems of human rights, the status of women throughout the world, the desperate needs of children in the devastated countries, the traffic in narcotics, the interrelated problems of population and economic conditions. But of much more revolutionary significance are its plans, just agreed upon, for two Economic Commissions—for Europe and for Asia and the Far East. As long ago as last summer the Economic and Social Council sent groups to survey the devastation in Europe and the Far East. Their reports contained specific suggestions for programs of economic restoration. The governments of the countries directly concerned were first charged with responsibility. Then, the specialized agencies of the U. N., such as the Food and Agricultural Organization, the World Bank, the Monetary Fund, World Health Organization, and the like. But in both Europe and Asia, it was felt, a special Economic Commission directly under the Economic and Social Council would have great value in correlating all the work of reconstruction. The terms of reference may confine the work of the commissions to that of assistance in rebuilding the war-shattered economies. But in rebuilding Europe there is now a fine opportunity to leave unbuilt the dividing walls. And in rebuilding the East more is contemplated than a restoration of the pre-war order, under which, as the report states, "a thin veneer of industrialization overlaid ancient, pre-industrial societies, [and] the lot of the people was still one of grinding poverty, disease, and ignorance."

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IN 1946 THE FRENCH BUDGETARY DEFICIT reached 50 per cent and that for the present year will be a little less. The reconstruction fund has already been slashed almost by 40 per cent, and the military allotment estimated to be some 40 per cent of the state revenues is insufficient to cover the cost of the Indo-Chinese war. These facts highlight the dilemma confronting France and, quite as much as the Viet-Minh party's alleged Muscovite sympathies, explain the French Communist Party's stiffening opposition to the war. France, like Britain, cannot afford costly military establishments which will surely endanger Socialist or any other sort of economic reconstruction. The Socialist Party, originally critical of the government's Far Eastern policy, now vigorously supports the war, chiefly because in the present state of world trade the control of colonial economy appears to be necessary for the maintenance of living standards. Last week's long debates on the Indo-Chinese question were marked by passionate speeches, furious insults, and plentiful fist fights. An ingenious compromise, by which the Communist back-benchers abstained from voting while the party's ministers gave their support to M. Ramadier, alone saved the government from collapse. The Communists undoubtedly regard the German problem, concerning which they agree with other governmental parties, as more important than Indo-China, and so are reluctant to provoke a major crisis.

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CONFUSION AND SOMETHING LIKE PANIC reign in Asunción, the Paraguayan capital, where the seven-year old dictatorship of General Morinigo appears to be drawing to a close. Perhaps one-half of the army, which alone has kept the *Caudillo* in power, has now joined the revolt. The Colorado Party, Morinigo's only political ally, has either ignored his urgent appeal to raise a civilian militia or has been unable to comply. There are confident reports that the dictator is willing to negotiate with the military leaders of former President Franco's Febrerista Party. So far the rebels have not begun their announced drive upon the capital, but whatever the immediate outcome of the fighting, the military strength of the revolution appears to be sufficient to enforce its demand for unfettered elections to a Constituent Assembly. There is no doubt that in a free election the Febreristas would triumph, though the stability of their government would depend on Colonel Franco's ability to work out a program acceptable both to his military supporters and to the progressive groups—a difficult problem, as past experience proves.

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ATTACKING THE GWYNNE-DONNELL BILL TO outlaw portal-to-portal suits, Senator Pepper said: "The Supreme Court of the United States happens to decide something in favor of the workers, so Congress at once proposes to reverse the Supreme Court." Actually, the Republican authors of the measure have gone even farther. They have seized the opportunity to amend not only the Fair Labor Standards Act but also the Walsh-Healey and Bacon-Davis acts which set minimum standards for employees of government contractors. Thus in addition to outlawing existing claims for uncompensated time, the bill subjects future suits which charge violations of these various acts to a two-year statute of limitations. And it issues an open invitation to chiselers by giving employers the right to plead "good faith" as a defense in wage-and-hour cases. Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach has rightly described this measure as one that threatens to deprive millions of unorganized workers of the protection now afforded them by wage-hour legislation. It is, as he says, "a backward step from the sound social progress we have made in the past fifteen years." A vigorous fight on this issue has been put up by a section of the Senate Democrats, but with some of their Southern colleagues joining the overwhelming majority of Republicans the bill was carried by 64 to 24.

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PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S EXECUTIVE ORDER establishing elaborate and expensive machinery to keep the civil service free of "disloyal" elements is yet another sign of the way in which our fears of totalitarian communism are driving us to the adoption of totalitarian methods. The inquisitorial apparatus will include a "central master index" of persons who have undergone loyalty checks in the past, "Loyalty Boards" in each department, and an over-all "Loyalty Review Board" within the Civil Service Commission. The standards to be applied by these boards include not only evidence of treasonable and seditious activities but membership in any association designated by the Attorney General as "totalitarian, fascist, Communist, or subversive." As this list, apparently, is not to be made public, organizations included in it will have no chance of defending themselves, and persons joining them will do so without knowing that they are automatically placing themselves under suspicion of disloyalty. Investigators of applicants for government jobs are to make use not only of the FBI's and other official files but also of the notoriously biased and inaccurate records of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. They are to dig back into school and college records and to consult former employers and home-town police departments. Persons accused of disloyalty on the basis of such investigations will be notified of charges and allowed the assistance of counsel at hearings—an improvement on the war-time procedures of some agencies—but they may

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still be denied a chance to confront and examine their accusers. The opportunities for malicious gossip, character assassination, and the settlement of private grudges are obvious. The Presidential commission on whose advice Mr. Truman acted admits that the vast majority of public servants are "loyal." Hence the purpose of this order, which violates every American tradition, is to exclude a very small minority. It seems to us like spreading poison indiscriminately for the sake of killing a few rats.

*

BRAZENLY FLOUTING ADMINISTRATION policy, the War Assets Administration has begun negotiations for sale of the government-owned aluminum-ingot plant at Massena, New York, to the Aluminum Company of America. As was pointed out in an article in *The Nation* three weeks ago, the government's refusal —up to now—to allow Alcoa to buy surplus primary aluminum facilities has enabled two new producers to gain a foothold in what was formerly Alcoa's private domain. Competition, in turn, has brought new life to the industry and by creating new demands has greatly enhanced the prospects for still further expansion. This good work would be endangered if the proposed deal goes through. Besides strengthening Alcoa's position in the ingot market, the sale would prevent either the Reynolds Metals Company or Henry Kaiser's Permanente Metals Corporation from ultimately acquiring the efficient, modern plant they both need to round out their facilities. Neither company could operate the plant at present because the only electric power available is controlled by Alcoa, which runs its own ingot plant at Massena. The Department of Justice has power to veto surplus-plant disposals which promote monopoly. This one certainly does. In the circumstances the only sensible course open to the department is to compel the WAA to offer to *lease* the plant to Alcoa until such time as power conditions permit a competitor to take over.

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EVIDENTLY THE SPONSOR IS STILL BOSS, EVEN at CBS. In any case, when the J. B. Williams Company (shaving cream, etc.) canceled its contract with Bill Shirer, he lost his spot on the air—Sunday at 5:45. The reasons were evidently not commercial, for Shirer had the highest Hooper rating—6.9—of all the daytime programs on CBS, with an audience of something like 5,000,000. He was dropped, we must assume, because his sponsor did not approve of his liberal political views, and because the broadcasting company, in spite of its past good record and the many declarations of independence by its high officials, was unwilling to keep Shirer on as a sustaining program until a bolder sponsor appeared. What we would like to know is, why should 5,000,000 people be deprived of their preferred news analyst because one soap manufacturer does not like his politics? We suggest that *Nation* readers who want Shirer back write to William S. Paley or Edwin R. Murrow and ask them that question. They might write with even better effect to the J. B. Williams Company, at Glastonbury, Connecticut. Only by such direct measures shall we be able to keep liberal broadcasting alive in these days when freedom is everywhere on the defensive.

To the Greeks, Bearing Gifts

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THIS week the bill "to provide for assistance to Greece and Turkey" goes before the House. It provides funds for the purposes outlined by Mr. Truman and sets no limitations whatever on his discretion in using them.

It is clear enough what is going to happen if Congress approves the Truman Doctrine in these terms. We'll go into Greece with our dollars and our engineering and financial experts, with our arms and our military experts, and we'll help the Greek government put down the rebels in the north, assuming always guns and money can do it. (This isn't a safe assumption; Italian and German arms failed against the same guerrillas in the same mountains.)

Since we know the Greek monarchy is an empty fake and the government corrupt and greedy as well as tyrannical, we may try to bring about some political changes. We'll certainly keep a sharp eye on the money we lend the government so that it will be spent—presumably in America—for industrial equipment and arms and not siphoned into official Greek pockets. We'll probably do a decent job of economic rehabilitation within the limits imposed by the rotten political situation. But we will not try to oust the government, for that, our leaders are already explaining without a smile, would be intervention in Greece's internal affairs. Besides which, we could hardly oust the government and at the same time use it to crush the guerrilla forces and "stop communism."

Nor could reputable democratic politicians be found who would lend themselves to that job. Some of them undoubtedly deplore the fact that many guerrilla leaders are Communists; they may fear the spread of Communist influence in Greece. But whether they do or not, they know that the whole left, along with masses of people who are neither left nor right but have been terrorized and pushed around by government soldiers and by Royalist and fascist gangs, look upon the guerrilla fighters as their champions and the champions of freedom. For this reason, a leader of any democratic party who accepted a post in a government subsidized by the United States to wipe out the guerrillas and end the rebellion would not continue to be a leader. He would be written

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off quickly as a Royalist or fascist traitor. So the idea you begin to hear talked about—that Mr. Truman's mission in Greece can somehow bring into being a more democratic government which will convert the job of exterminating guerrillas into a democratic crusade against Soviet totalitarianism—is a meaningless fantasy. Or more likely it is just sugar-coating for a nasty political pill.

But it won't work. The true nature of the job the President has asked the country to take on has been clearly described by Mr. Acheson. We are going into Greece to put down a rebellion because that rebellion is regarded as a Russian thrust into an area which has become very important to the United States. The Administration believes the moment has come to stop Russia, whatever the means or the cost, because if we don't, Russia won't stop short of—well, where? Perhaps Iran, perhaps China, perhaps Rio or New York. Who knows? In any case, this is the Great Crusade—the one, you will remember, that Hitler invited us to join long ago.

In China the very extreme terrorist right wing has come up, since Mr. Truman announced his doctrine, with new plans to strangle every breath of opposition, liberal as well as Communist. In Spain the Falange has met and called for more aggressive action to bring its "syndicalist revolution" to full flower. The effect of the new policy on relations between the Communists and the other parties in the French Cabinet is discussed on another page. Everywhere, since Mr. Truman spoke, fascists and royalists and other assorted reactionaries have welcomed the new American doctrine with naked satisfaction; they believe their day has come. Set back, temporarily broken, by the defeat of the Axis, they suddenly see the tide reversed. If George II and President Inonu, why not they?

For the same reasons, liberals and Socialists abroad are openly anxious: more anxious, I am sure, than the Communists. The assertion in some inspired quarters that a setback to the President's policy "would discourage the friends of the Western democracies throughout Europe" is not borne out by the specific comments of individuals and non-Communist left newspapers. They talk about the new American imperialism and believe it means war. They believe we shall soon reverse our small, reluctant gesture against Franco. They are afraid we shall make tougher political conditions for loans or relief to European countries. The refusal to give or sell wheat to Yugoslavia or include that country in the proposed $350,000,000 relief measure will be taken as clear proof of discrimination on political grounds, no matter what the official explanation. Above all they are afraid the United Nations will be shoved aside, to wither or collapse, as bad feeling piles up between the East and West, and the United States goes its way alone, putting down communism by sheer weight of arms and money. With the atom bomb suspended just off-stage.

These things that are going to happen, or that democratic people fear are going to happen, may not trouble Mr. Truman. They are already troubling Congress, and so are a lot of other possible consequences. But the bitter fear of Russia, and of communism inspired and backed by Russia, will almost certainly be strong enough to outweigh their worries. The Administration is already mobilizing its best and most democratic spokesmen to stress the urgency of the situation, and dispel suspicion of its purposes. The debate will waver between the extremes of isolationist retreat and visions of beneficent world tutelage by a mighty America equipped with the latest technological gadgets of mass production and destruction. Old-fashioned democrats of both parties will dislike helping a decayed monarchy put down a popular rebellion, Communists or no Communists. Other democrats, who consider themselves more up-to-date, will argue that our new role as super-state demands that we move in and restore order before Russia takes over in Greece and elsewhere, but that we must do it nicely, with due regard to the sensibilities of the various peoples involved. Some, who have taken seriously the painful and expensive effort to create a real collective-security system, will resist a plan that ignores the United Nations. Others will urge with equal sincerity that the U. N. be spared a responsibility that might sink it; they want to calk up a few of the seams first. But behind all the arguments and all the unease will be the fear of Russia, and Russia's threat to our cherished "way of life."

People like myself, who believe that we are more likely to scuttle our way of life by following the Truman Doctrine than by rejecting it, must meet and answer that fear. It is the strongest antagonist we have to face. We know that communism threatens the established order wherever political instability and economic misery rule; and that includes most of the post-war world. If the only way to end the threat were to dispatch American arms and money to Greece and Turkey and wherever reactionary rulers are killing off Communist-led rebels, the chance of defeating the Truman Doctrine would be even smaller than it is.

If that were the only way. But I do not believe it is. I believe such a program is the product of national hysteria, in so far as it is not based on considerations of sheer power such as Harold Laski discusses on a later page. I believe there is a totally different choice that the American people can still make if they have the brains and courage.

The other choice is to take the revolution away from the Russians.

Does that sound impractical? I hope it does not, for it is clearly the only alternative to a struggle for power that can only widen the breach, perhaps fatally, between East and West in the world at large, and between left

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and right in each country. Must this nation be everywhere the champion of reaction; everywhere abandon to Russia the defense of the popular cause?

The way to prevent the spread of communism, as has been said many times in these pages, is to recognize the industrial and agrarian revolution that is sweeping Europe and Asia, and to work with, not against it. This means accepting socialism in most of Europe; and a new agrarian system in the Balkans and in Asia. And this, in turn, implies the overthrow of the ruling groups that have in the past dominated those countries through a variety of political machines—monarchist, fascist, and even republican.

The fact is, the United States has much to gain in the long run from the change the old world is going through: economic advantages as well as the hope of peace. Only by the disappearance of obsolete systems of economy that keep 90 per cent of the populations without means to raise their standard of living, can trade be effectively promoted, and labor protected from low-wage competition abroad.

The most tragic lack at this moment is a progressive political movement in America which could urge this position with real effect—among the public and in Washington. So far organized labor has been silent. No statement of policy has come from the A. F. of L., the C. I. O., the C. I. O.–P. A. C., or from any national union. No effective progressive wing now exists in either major party. No left party has the strength to make its views felt. How astonishing it must seem in England and on the Continent that American labor should silently acquiesce in the new doctrine!

Because of this lack it is doubly necessary for such organized groups as exist, and for all individuals with conviction in the matter, to protest against the Administration's bill; to organize meetings; to send letters and telegrams to the President and the State Department, to Senators and Congressmen. The Progressive Citizens of America has issued a strong statement opposing the Truman plan and urging action through the United Nations; it has called a meeting of protest at Madison Square Garden in New York, which is announced elsewhere in this issue. The Americans for Democratic Action has not uttered a word on the greatest issue before the country; can it afford to remain silent? Progressive opinion should consolidate, even at this late hour, and urge that action by the United States be made to coincide with our obligations both as a democratic state and as a member of the United Nations.

The progressive position is easy to state: in-so-far as action is needed to restore the economy of Greece it should be carried out through the agencies of the United Nations in the manner proposed in the excellent report of the Food and Agricultural Organization, which is discussed by Keith Hutchison this week. The funds for this purpose should be appropriated by Congress, but with certain definite strings attached. No funds should be released until there has been established in Greece a coalition government, replacing the Royalist government now in power, to hold office during a transition period in which honest attempts will be made to end the civil war by conciliation and the promise of fundamental reforms. As for the alleged border violations and threats of military aggression from neighboring states, no action whatsoever should be taken until the United Nations Commission now in Greece has finished its investigation and made its report. And any measures agreed to in the light of that report should also be carried through by the United Nations. The proposal to send huge funds to Turkey to build up its already huge army should be voted down without any qualifications. If Turkey is threatened by Russia its complaints can be brought before the United Nations as was the complaint of Iran a year ago.

Tax Cuts and Politics

THE stand taken by the Administration against any tax cuts in the present year may be politically vulnerable, but it is strongly fortified with economic arguments. The President's budget provided for only a small surplus of revenue over expenditure, and this surplus could easily be wiped out in these uncertain times by unexpected contingencies. Already it seems likely that greater provision will have to be made for foreign loans and relief, while, domestically, a slump in farm prices would involve the government in heavy expenditure under the Steagall act.

The Republicans maintain, it is true, that substantial savings in the cost of government are possible, though they have yet to agree among themselves about the maximum extent of such economies. While the House aims at a reduction in expenditure of $6 billion, the Senate holds that $4½ billion is a more reasonable figure. In both cases, it must be understood, these sums represent no more than targets, for even if Congress agrees to sweat down the departmental budgets by the necessary billions, there is no guaranty that expenditure will not be swollen anew by supplementary appropriations. This is all the more probable in view of the nature of some of the "economies" already announced. For instance, the House Appropriations Committee has lopped the impressive total of $897,072,750 off the Treasury and Post Office estimates. However, $800,000,000 of this sum was found by reducing the estimates for tax refunds, and as Representative Albert Gore has pointed out, refund claims will have to be met sooner or later.

Even assuming that $4 to $6 billion can be saved, the case for allotting the whole amount to debt reduction

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cannot be lightly dismissed. We are still in an inflationary situation; business is booming and making bumper profits; national income is at a record level. It would seem elementary wisdom to seize this opportunity to cut down the national debt. Tax reductions now may add to the inflationary pressure; it would be far better to reserve them for a time when lagging business needs a shot in the arm.

Arguments such as these, however, do not impress the Republicans, who are determined to make a record in tax reduction this year if they do nothing else. Representative Knutson, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, has stuck firmly to the pledge he gave on behalf of his party during the election, and his colleagues on the committee have now adopted his 20 per cent across-the-board income-tax cut with only slight modifications. To meet the objection that this plan meant less than a 1 per cent increase in net incomes in the lowest brackets while raising those of the highest by over 68 per cent, a cut of 30 per cent has been approved for persons with taxable incomes not exceeding $1,000. This means that a married man with two children earning $3,300, before deductions, will save about $57 on his tax bill. Taxpayers with taxable incomes ranging from $1,000 to $302,000 will be treated all alike to a 20 per cent cut, which obviously will have far more significance in relation to income in the higher than in the lower brackets. The 1,100 persons expected to report incomes greater than $302,000 are to be allowed only a 10½ per cent reduction—a mere $110,000 on a million-dollar income.

If we can prudently reduce taxes at all this year, we ought to concentrate on bringing relief to those families in the low-income brackets who have been hardest hit by the rising cost of living. This could be done in two ways: (1) by reducing or eliminating excise taxes on non-luxuries, many of which constitute a heavy burden on wage-earners and people on low salaries; or (2) by raising personal exemptions from $500 to $700. Representative Forand, Rhode Island Democrat, has formally proposed the second of these plans, which would mean substantial saving to those in the lowest brackets (particularly if their families were large), moderate but worth-while relief for the middle brackets, and very little for the millionaires. As might be expected, Mr. Forand has been jumped on by the *Wall Street Journal*, which complains that his plan would remove nine million persons from the tax rolls. Why not? This group, whose incomes are so low that this increase in exemptions would remove their liability to income tax altogether, are already paying their fair share toward national expenses through indirect taxation.

Marshall's Role in Moscow

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Moscow, March 22 (by Cable)

ALREADY a few basic facts have emerged from the Foreign Ministers' conference. One of them is that Bevin and Marshall—for the present, at any rate—are the squeezers and Molotov and Bidault the squeezed. Somebody who was there at the time the question of reparations was first raised said he had never seen Molotov so bewildered and upset as when Bevin and Marshall told him, in effect, that they were not in favor of anything even remotely resembling the Russian reparations claims.

It is true Marshall said it much more nicely than Bevin. In fact, Marshall has become something of a mystery man at the conference. Only once so far has he snapped angrily at the Russians. That was when Molotov asserted that the British and Americans had already helped themselves to ten billion dollars of reparations from Germany—mentioning, by curious coincidence, a figure that corresponds to the Russian reparations claims spread over twenty years. Marshall sharply denounced Molotov's figures as absurd. Apart from this incident, Marshall has been remarkably friendly and polite, never missing an opportunity to say that the United States can never forget all the Russians suffered in the war and that, of course, they should have reparations—sometime. Marshall, in fact, is so nice most of the time that a somewhat bewildering legend is growing up that he was not really to blame for Truman's message to Congress; some people are even circulating the rather improbable story that the Truman message was rewritten in Marshall's absence after the President's meeting with Vandenberg! Certain Russians have the idea that Marshall, who says little and avoids getting into scraps at the conference, is a "moderate" and that the real Russia hater and bully is Bevin.

That Bevin is a "Russhater" is, in a sense, true enough; he also does most of the dirty work of answering Molotov's charges with countercharges. But it is fairly obvious that Bevin and Marshall are on one side of the fence and the Russians on the other, while the French are not really anywhere. They are merely miserable, and spend most of the time complaining that the British are neither allies nor gentlemen.

No one can say how the conference will end, but

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the impression is that the Russians are more than ever determined that it should be a success. They are clearly worried about "America's new foreign policy." Although Stalin some time ago said to Hugh Bailey that he did not give a damn about the American navy in the Mediterranean, and still may not "give a damn" about an American naval squadron visiting Istanbul in the near future, he cannot like the implications of this display of American armed might so near to Odessa and Baku. The Soviet Union's economic difficulties are considerable at present, and there is every reason for believing that the Russians will be as accommodating as possible. We have already seen them swallowing their pride over a variety of questions. But there is just the danger that the belt Bevin and Marshall are pulling around Russia's waist may suddenly snap—it might if Russia's economic and other troubles are exaggerated. "We hold all the trump cards and can make the Russians squeal," one British personage remarked. This conviction is a dangerous gamble. When Molotov said that the abandonment of reparations "would be a crime against the Soviet people," he clearly indicated that under no circumstances could he take responsibility for such a "crime."

The arguments on both sides are sufficiently familiar to need no detailed repetition. The British say, in effect, "Let's build up the German economy, especially in the western zone—if the Russians want to cooperate in their zone, so much the better, but if they don't it can't be helped—and we can see about reparations later. Anyway the Russians' demand for ten billion dollars is excessive. Moreover, let them, if they want economic unity, abandon their Soviet *Aktiengesellschaften* representing 70 per cent of the industry in eastern Germany and stop taking reparations out of current production. Let them join us in building up the level of industry and putting Germany on its feet. Then there will be coal and all sorts of commodities for everybody. But meanwhile, let's not start dismantling factories in the Ruhr and Rhineland."

The Russians have not revealed whether they are willing to abandon their hold on German industry in the east, which admittedly is supplying reparations out of current production, although Molotov has assured the conference that "every kopeck taken in the way of reparations would be accounted for." But the eastern zone's industry, as the Russians have reiterated, is a small thing; the backbone of the German industrial system is in the British zone. "If," they say, "we are in agreement with Bevin about raising the industrial level, it is not for the same reasons. By raising the level of industry we can obtain reparations, even though the restoration of German living standards is delayed. But haven't we first claim?"

In other words, unless America agrees that Britain should give the Russians substantial reparations out of German production, it is doubtful whether the Russians can afford to throw into a common pool for German reconstruction the only resource they have left—those Soviet-run concerns in eastern Germany. If they don't, Moscow will be represented as having wrecked the idea of "economic unity," and Britain and America can go ahead with the building of a "prosperity zone in western Germany." That would mean, in fact, splitting Germany in two, an outcome which some have been prophesying since the beginning of the conference. It is a solution which Russia will probably do its utmost to avoid, but which some people on the British and American side would welcome, since it would fit in with the plan for isolating the Soviets—and moreover put them in the wrong. There is a widespread impression in Moscow that this is the crux of the whole matter.

Reparations are problem number one, and if no compromise on them can be worked out in Moscow, other problems will remain of academic interest. If there are two Germanys, the questions of the level of industry, of centralization versus federalization, of denazification and the rest become matters which will have to be examined from an entirely new angle. Or rather, will they need examining at all if Germany becomes simply one small element in the great conflict between East and West? Bevin so far appears unperturbed by the prospect of the eastern zone remaining separate from the western zones—despite all the ominous implications of such a development. The French, for their part, are between the devil and the deep sea. They say they must have coal or they won't play ball. The British answer is, "Give us time to build up western Germany and there will be coal for everybody." But like the Russians, the French do not want to wait or take a chance on it.

That is how things are at present. At times the four viewpoints seem to be converging quite satisfactorily. But when one thinks of the fundamental problems tied up with reparations one cannot help wondering whether this is not illusory. It seems certain that Marshall, if he wishes to, can play a big role in reconciling differences. Outwardly he has been more generous to the Russians than Bevin; his attitude is more flexible. And he has been more generous to the French on several points. The conference's fate is really in Marshall's hands. There is a feeling in all delegations that he should take upon himself the role of mediator. If, instead, he impersonates St. George slaying the Communist dragon, the conference will lead to nothing good. Marshall could prove to the world that America is not "imperialist" and has not started on an all-out anti-red crusade. But will he do it?

One might almost say that America has the responsibility of deciding whether there is to be one world or two worlds. It seems paradoxical that after the Truman message the French and the Russians and some of the British should be hopefully looking to Marshall for a lead.

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A Plea to America

BY ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT

LESS than two years after the conclusion of the war our top government officials have announced a new foreign policy for the United States. Mr. Acheson, our Under Secretary of State, has proclaimed at a Congressional hearing that Communist governments in Greece and Turkey would be dangerous to the security and the future of the United States. This, in so many words, means that the Soviet Union is an enemy nation in the eyes of our government. This statement of policy was put forward to explain why President Truman had asked for loans and military aid to the present governments of Greece and Turkey. The theory behind this proposal is that by making such loans we shall bolster the present governments of these two countries and prevent internal revolt leading to eventual Communist regimes.

What kind of governments are these which we are proposing to bolster? Are they democratic? Not even the most reactionary newspapers in this country have claimed that the present government of Greece or that of Turkey can be classified as a democracy. The fact is that they are much more nearly totalitarian than democratic. There is little free speech. There is oppression of minorities—and of majorities, too, for all we know. But our government chooses to support this totalitarianism rather than risk the spread of communism.

Did we fight the last war for no purpose? Should we have tossed our armies in the fight on the side of Hitler to help bring about defeat of the Soviet Union?

Our government leaders seem to think that communism is a threat to the future of a democratic United States and that they must fight the Communists in Greece. I have read that there is a small, very militant element of the Greek population which is Communist. But why Turkey? I have never heard that there were any militant pro-Soviet Communists threatening the Turkish government. In fact, it is hard to understand the interest in Turkey at all unless we are planning to encourage Turkey to bait the Soviet Union by creating incidents on the border between the two countries, thereby risking a third world war. Is that our purpose?

Turkey was definitely not friendly to our cause in the last war until it became quite evident that we would win. Turkey certainly is not threatened internally with communism. Turkey today cannot be described as a free, democratic country. Why Turkey?

What is the truth of the post-war threat of communism enveloping the world? The truth is that Russia does not have hundreds of millions of dollars with which to spread the doctrine of communism throughout the world. It is unable to export thousands of tons of food to help the starving people of the world. But communism is spreading in many countries. Why?

At the end of the war the peoples of the Far East and Middle East and of all Europe looked with admiration and burning hope to the United States to lead in the establishment of free and truly democratic governments in their countries. They looked to the United States to back up militantly the doctrines of the Atlantic Charter. What did they get? We made no protest when the European powers moved with force to reestablish their colonial empires. We failed to lead the way in uprooting Nazism in Germany. We did participate in UNRRA, but we later killed that organization and put relief on a political basis. We now use relief for the starving millions of Europe as a gun in the back to force them to support governments of which we approve. Is that democratic procedure? No wonder communism spreads.

The people of Europe have become discouraged. The people of the Far East have become bitter. We have failed to lead. We have not established any principles. We have failed to give force and effect to the United Nations. In fact, by our action with regard to Greece and Turkey we have openly flouted the United Nations and possibly signed its death warrant.

The actions of our leaders have been based on the theory that we could never reconcile our differences with the Soviet Union. They believe that communism and democracy cannot live side by side in the world, at peace with each other. I do not agree with this premise. There must be men of integrity and courage in America who can reconcile the existing differences between ourselves and the Soviet Union and bring peace with honor to our country.

If the leaders in both the Democratic Party and the Republican Party continue our present foreign policy the result will be a divided world which will arm itself again for inevitable conflict. Huge military budgets will remain, and economic disaster will result for the world and the United States within a few years. This will be followed by a war of destruction that will reduce the population of the globe by billions, not millions.

It is my belief that when the chips are down the best answer to the threat of communism is a living, working democracy such as ours can be. I devoutly hope that the people of our country will realize that it is not just their dollars which are being risked in this gamble today. If we destroy the United Nations the last chance of peace will disappear.

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Britain Without Empire

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, March 21

PRESIDENT TRUMAN has asked that the "American Century" be opened without delay. Whatever the rhetoric about democracy and freedom, he is asking the Congress to build a new empire and designing its boundaries to safeguard the now vital stake of American oil interests in the Middle East. It is notable that the first two governments he seeks to assist are neither democratic nor free. It is significant that, like all political leaders in his position, he does not point out the real lesson of Great Britain's presence in Greece. An imperial power can never stop at partial domination. Openly or secretly, it must be the effective sovereign authority.

As necessity forces British retirement, policy persuades American entry. The United Nations organization is ignored. The timing can only be intended as a warning to Russia that Washington will go its own way regardless of what the world may think. These are high risks to take if one looks ten years ahead, but the stakes are so huge that the President's advisers are asking the right to put the fate of civilization into hands that are guided, even if only half consciously, by what has been one of the most direct sources of conflict for over fifty years. It is upon the wisdom of that gamble that this Congress has to decide. It is either to found a new imperialism or to stand fast by the policy of planned cooperation without which the United Nations has no meaning.

I

In June, 1948, Great Britain will leave India; within a pretty proximate future Burma will become either a dominion of the British Commonwealth of Nations or, at its will, an independent state; and within the next year or so Egypt, which Great Britain has dominated ever since the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, will have been evacuated. The situation in Palestine, where on any showing Mr. Bevin has been guilty of grievous errors, is an index to principles of Middle Eastern policy which a Labor government will find it neither possible nor wise to maintain. In British possessions in Africa and Malaya, in the Caribbean and the Far East, there are deep strivings which make likely continuing change in their status.

It is interesting to watch the response to these events in the outside world. The general tendency in Soviet Russia is to regard them as signs of the twilight of the British Empire; for Soviet propagandists we are going the way of Rome and Spain. Many Americans, notably Walter Lippmann, call it the end of Britain as a first-class power. Henceforth there will be a vacuum which in Mr. Lippmann's judgment it is the task of America to fill lest it be filled with the influence of the Soviet Union; this, one is to suppose, would jeopardize the prospects of the American Century. It is not, I think, insignificant that these very different schools of thought are both in agreement, for all practical purposes, with Winston Churchill, who views with horror and indignation what he has termed the "liquidation of the Empire," since he regards the Empire not only as one of the linchpins of law and order in the world but as the sole condition upon which the influence of Great Britain can be preserved.

Whatever view we may accept, it is obvious that Mr. Attlee and his colleagues have taken a series of decisions which are bound to alter the equilibrium of power all over the world. What they have decided makes the United States fundamentally a Mediterranean power; it makes it essential for Americans to watch with care and precision the political evolution of the African continent; it insures that China and Japan must be regarded for almost as long as any of us can foresee as at once frontiers of the United States and, with the newly acquired Pacific islands, bases for both attack and defense in the contingent strategy of war. Because of these decisions, the push of American oil interests into the Middle East becomes an advance which makes the future of Greece of vital importance to the foreign policy of America, and the whole region from the oil fields of Iran to the coastal ports of Palestine must be viewed by the men who advise the President with watchful eyes and a profound sense of responsibility. The objective facts of the situation have made isolationism for the United States a doctrine wholly devoid of meaning. The whole world is now on the doorstep of America. In the next twenty years American statesmen have also to take momentous decisions. They, too, have a rendezvous with destiny.

II

The relations between Great Britain and Russia, on the one hand, and between Russia and the United States, on the other, make the Middle East the nerve-center of our own imperial problem. We are still in Greece be-

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cause of the strategic significance of the Middle East. We are suspicious of Yugoslavia under Marshal Tito because of our interest in the Middle East. For the same reason we are the patrons of that twilight Arab League which Mr. Eden called into existence during the war. For the same reason Mr. Bevin hurriedly evoked the unreal kingdom of Transjordan while the Anglo-American Commission on Palestine was still sitting. For the same reason Mr. Bevin, backed by the officials of the Foreign Office and the defense chiefs, has sought to bolster up the ugly feudalism of the Arab effendi in Iraq and Syria and Saudi-Arabia, for the defense of the first two of which we are in effect responsible, and to the third of which we pay an annual financial tribute. For the same reason we are ready—assuming its claim to sovereignty over the Sudan is set aside—to evacuate Egypt, ceasing to use it to safeguard the Suez Canal.

For the same reason Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin have been able to persuade their Cabinet colleagues to throw overboard precise and unmistakable pledges made by the Labor Party as recently as May, 1945, to those Jews who seek to go on building their National Home; and, not daring to declare full-scale war upon them, have now thrown the problem of the Mandate for Palestine back to the United Nations, in a rather Micawber-like hope that some way of escape may be found from the cul-de-sac into which Mr. Bevin has led us. For the same reason also we, like the United States, have a passionate faith in the right of Iran to independence and integrity so long as its government does not seek to revoke the invaluable concession to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. Were Iran to have a sudden change of sovereign heart on that concession, its independence might acquire a somewhat fatigued and anachronistic air. America knows how easily that air can develop when countries like Haiti, Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, and Mexico show an inadequate appreciation of American interest in their well-being.

The Middle East means lines of communication, and it means oil. British policy there is set by these two considerations. When all the complicated rationalizations have been given their due evaluation, it is oil and strategy which dictate our decisions. The emphasis upon oil is intelligible; the navy and a mechanized army, as well as the air force, will, for the next generation at any rate, live or die by oil. The emphasis on lines of communication is less understandable today than it was in 1939. With the coming withdrawal from Egypt and India, with the paralysis, for many years to come, of Germany and Japan, British anxiety for the control of the Mediterranean seems excessive, as patronage of the Arab states seems extravagant, unless the major purpose is to prevent Russian infiltration into this area.

If this is the major purpose, I think two things are to be said. First, we are backing the wrong horse; it is inconceivable folly for Socialist Britain to support a group of Arab feudal chiefs who have never shown any interest in the well-being of their unhappy subjects, who have used Great Britain to get rid of the French influence in their territories and, as the war made clear, will turn on Great Britain the moment they see their opportunity. Objectively, our Middle Eastern policy makes Mr. Bevin the ally of American Standard Oil on the one hand and of the Grand Mufti on the other. It makes him hostile to every interest which wishes to see economic progress in that area, whether it be Jews in Palestine or Communist-inspired reformers in Persia. The Middle East needs a TVA, indeed, a series of TVA's. But they will not be developed if the Arab effendi can help it, for the simple reason that they would be fatal to the vested interests the effendi represent. Then, on the strategic side, picturesque phrases about the "life line of Britain" and the rest do not conceal the fact that the Middle East, by its geographical location, is the "life line" of Russia too, and that if the vast army Britain maintains there assures us Iranian and Mosul oil, it also provides protection for American oil interests at the expense of the British taxpayer, without a shadow of proportionate return.

If Mr. Bevin were the realist he always insists he is, he would tell his military and diplomatic advisers that the Crimean War is over and that India is on the threshhold of independence. If he mingles imagination and resolution with the sturdy common sense he shows in a trade-union negotiation, he can throw away his fears, settle down to a sensible negotiation with Stalin and his colleagues, save Great Britain much obloquy, and dissolve a good deal of fantastic mythology which reads more like a legacy from Mr. Kipling than a sober estimate of contemporary realities.

III

A Socialist Britain cannot be an imperialist Britain. The contribution we can make to world peace must not be set in terms of domination by our naval strength or, as in the past, by our power to exploit the resources of subject peoples but by our cooperation with free peoples on terms that make their well-being the correlative of our own. Our security will then be not a by-product of imposed authority but a collective security resting upon the common purposes of an economic structure which, increasingly, seeks planned production for community consumption.

When, therefore, American commentators speak of the "end of the British Empire," it is well to be clear what they mean. If they mean that Britain has no longer a place as a first-class power, the answer is that they are accepting a pattern of the future which assumes already the breakdown of the United Nations and the rapid drift to a third world war. On this point I hope that

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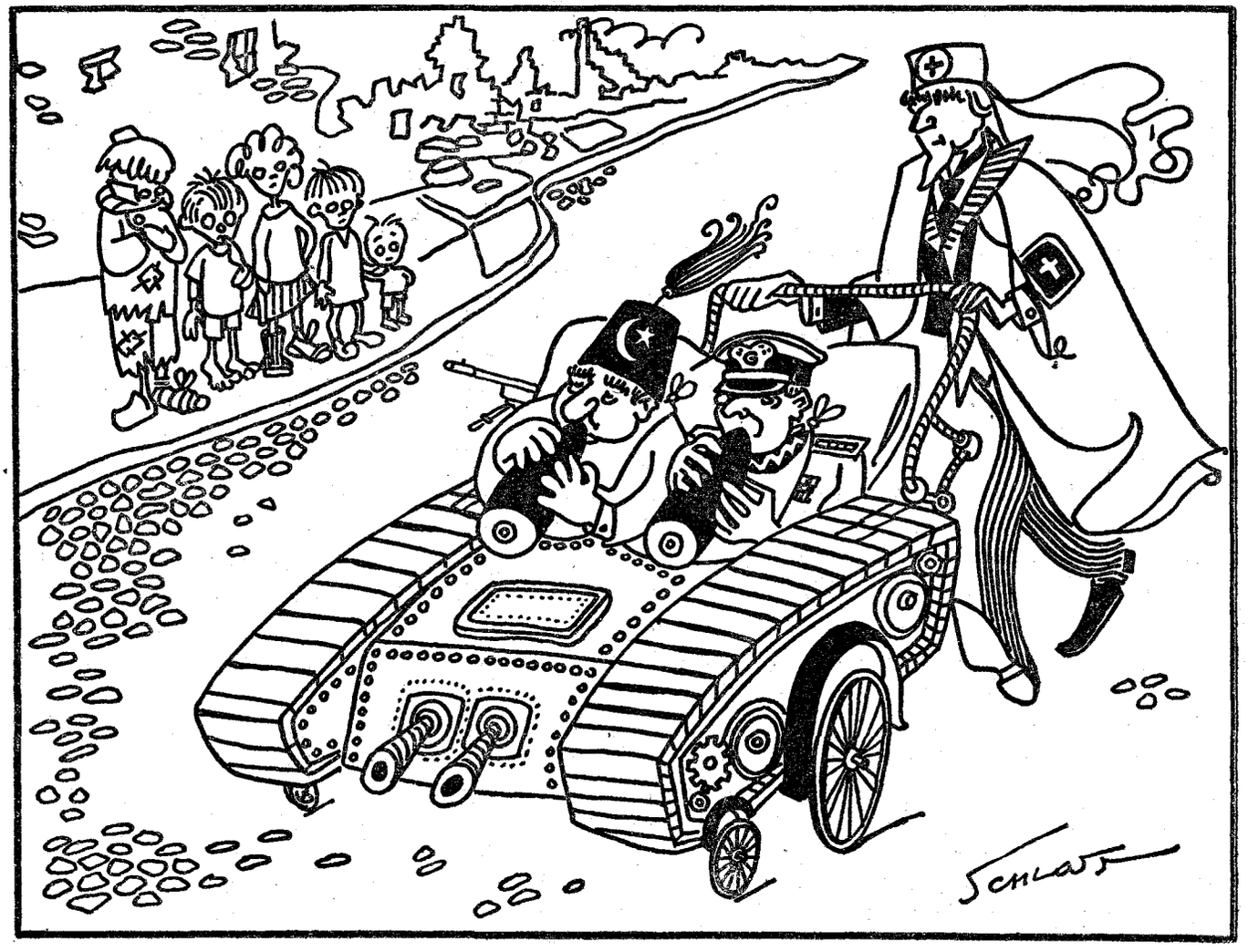
no Socialist would wish to see Great Britain struggle for equal power with the United States and Russia if the price is the continued subjection of India and Burma and the rest. Burke was right when he said that you cannot suppress freedom abroad without ultimately destroying it at home also. There is not an atom of reason, once our economic reorganization is complete, why in the altered pattern of British relationships our people should be poorer or less influential than in the past. Britain's investing class, no doubt, will suffer. But their loss, in the long run, will be the people's gain. The artificial structure of the Empire will be adjusted to foundations compatible with those relations of economy which will make possible a new expansion, granted we can keep the peace.

Socialists have no reason to fear the new pattern that is emerging, once there is hope that peace will be kept. Here, I venture to think, two general conclusions are in order. The first is that if peace cannot be kept, the next war will destroy Great Britain as a civilized people, and that all discussions of its prospects as a non-imperial power are simply speculations in a vacuum. The other is in confutation of Lippmann's theory that since Great Britain has abandoned the task, the United States must hold Russia "at the key points, at Germany and Western Europe, at Turkey and in Japan; . . . the place to stop the Greek guerrillas who are trained and equipped in Yugoslavia is in Moscow." This theory not only presupposes a "redefinition of the balance of power" in terms of a threat of war, but also assumes the incompatibility of Russian social principles with the "American way of life" and the consequent need to back with men and arms as well as dollars a policy in essence similar to that which Mr. Churchill sponsored in 1919 and Hitler preached in the years when he was hoping for Anglo-American support in a crusade against Bolshevism. At least it is a comfort to us who are Socialists to know that a Britain in process of shedding its imperialism does not need to play with that kind of fire. I suspect that Jefferson and Lincoln, Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt, would none of them have been very eager to risk wrecking the world in order to preserve those vast industrial empires which, however unconsciously, Mr. Lippmann really makes the beneficiaries of his crusading zeal. Certainly it offers no happy prospect to the ordinary American worker in Passaic, New Jersey, or Youngstown, Ohio. I think it is better to attempt to readjust, as we are doing in Britain, the productive relations of society than to call a momentous threat to peace a redefinition of the balance of power. But perhaps this is what is really meant by the "American Century."

President Truman must know that he plans by his



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new policy to make American money the safeguard of Greek reaction and American advisers the architects of its efficiency. He must know that he is, in fact, instructing Turkey to act as a barrier against Russian access to the Mediterranean and that he thus is not only asking his people to support a still partially feudal dictatorship but accepting on their behalf the traditional British folly, originated by Disraeli, of backing the wrong horse. The peoples of the Middle East are to be pinned down in vassalage to obsolete regimes until there arises a power strong enough to rescue them from the dependence America will be driven to force upon them. I had thought the great lesson of the Roosevelt years was American recognition that the task of the United States was to aid in the emancipation of peoples struggling to be free; but if Congress accepts the Truman policy it throws overboard that lesson for an objective as old and as evil as the history of political society.

What America Could Do in Greece

BY CONSTANTINE POULOS

Athens, March 23 (by Cable)

THE Greeks don't kid themselves. They are politically too keen to misinterpret America's sudden interest in their welfare. They know the urgent Greek request for aid did not precede the American decision but followed it.

The Royalist right is ecstatic, the center confused and worried, the left shaken and bitter. The people in general are hopeful, ashamed, and frightened. Their very deep affection for the United States makes them hope that something may work out, but they are ashamed of their fawning, prideless leaders who are scraping and bowing before "Uncle Truman" and acting as if they had had something to do with the American decision. And they are frightened by the coupling of Greece with Turkey. The geography of Greece and the temperament of the people are two major reasons, they say, why Greece cannot be an effective American bastion against Russia like Turkey. But the people know they need help.

Because of the government's increasing expenditures for the army, the Greek people would slide down to a dangerous bread-and-water diet and industry could not operate at better than 33 per cent of its pre-war level if Greece did not receive any outside assistance this year. With the original State Department sum of $50,000,000 for economic assistance only, Greece could have pulled through this year on a bread-and-olive-oil diet and its industry could have functioned at slightly over 50 per cent of the pre-war figure. With the $125,000,000 allocated by the President's recommendation, the Greek people can be fed pretty nearly as well as before the war and industry can be maintained at roughly three-fourths of its pre-war level.

But this estimate presupposes a great deal. It assumes that the Greek government will willingly reverse itself on its stubbornly defended laissez faire economic policy. Past experience indicates that it will not. The Anglo-Greek economic agreement signed in January of last year specifically provided that the Greek government would take steps to revise its taxation set-up. This was not done. The report prepared last fall by the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization at the request of the Greek government recommended various governmental reforms. The British Economic Mission in Athens has given a great deal of good advice. Last August the London *Economist* warned that laissez faire in Greece "under present conditions would mean anarchy." No one in the Greek government took heed. It would have meant cracking down on boys who had spent millions of gold sovereigns to put them in power.

The American Economic Mission will be powerless if it is to serve in an advisory capacity only. The chief of the American Economic Mission to Greece must have the authority to shut off dollars on twenty-four hours' notice. Not at the end of a month or the end of a quarter, for that will not feaze the dilatory, procrastinating Greek government and its backers. Some American observers here believe it would be advisable to leave the final authority in Washington, but with assurances that when a recommendation to block funds came from Athens it would be acted upon immediately. It is suggested that this would avoid giving too much responsibility and power to one man. But there would always be the danger that a recommendation to Washington would have to go through a bureaucratic shuffle of low, middle, and high policy and counter-policy.

One of the things demanded by the Porter mission was the establishment of a Department of Foreign Trade under the Ministry of National Economy. This department would be headed by an experienced American working, under contract, for the Greek government. It would issue licenses for imports and exports, control all foreign procurement, and maintain a division of statistics. Such a department, cooperating closely with the already established Anglo-American Currency Committee, would enable the American Economic Mission to keep track of how the dollars were being spent. Its actions should be supervised by the mission, which

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should also have the authority to ask for and to check any information bearing on the economic situation.

This brings up the matter of military supplies and equipment. The amount of money to be expended for this purpose must be precisely determined, and it must be stipulated that none of the sums allocated for economic assistance may be later diverted to military use. One can easily visualize the Greek government pleading at a not very late date that the funds granted for military purposes are exhausted and suggesting the transfer of sums from the economic-aid reserve. In this it might well be supported by American military men on the Economic Mission, who would want to keep strengthening the anti-Russian army in the Balkans, and by American diplomats in Athens, who would want to continue chasing that will-o'-the-wisp "law and order."

It seems dead certain that we can pour a billion dollars into Greece without making the country safe for democracy unless we are ready to support and work with the progressive forces there. If, as President Truman warned, Greece is in danger of falling into the hands of the Communists today, the fault lies squarely with the British, who three years ago refused to work with anyone except the extreme right Royalists. If Greece falls into the hands of the Communists tomorrow, the fault will be ours.

President Truman said, "Greece is today without funds to finance the importation of those goods which are essential to bare subsistence." Is this the fault of the Greek left or of the Greek right wing and its government—which has squandered and dissipated Greece's foreign credits in the past two years on Packards, Buicks, nylons, and cosmetics?

President Truman said, "A militant minority exploiting human want and misery was able to create political chaos, which until now has made economic recovery impossible." In all of Greece the "militant minority" is weakest on the island of Crete. Yet in the first weeks of this month there was a serious general strike of Cretan farmers against the government. The farmers demanded the sale of their olive oil through their own cooperatives and not through profiteering brokers and middlemen as the government insisted; provision of adequate funds by the agricultural bank for cultivation needs; reduction of the high government tax on wine production, which seriously limits export possibilities; rebuilding of their school houses and appointment of school teachers.

The government wants to cut its tax-free backers in on the lucrative olive-oil market. It will lend them money to buy oil while they hoard their gold sovereigns. Meanwhile the Cretan farmer who produces the oil gets a miserly return and the government banks have no funds to lend him to enable him to till his soil. Cretan children did not go to school during the occupation and still cannot go because no attempt has been made to rebuild the schools. If there is a school building, there is no teacher. Yet the government can afford to buy limousines by the dozen for Ministers, and Ministers' wives can afford to go to the elegant bars and night clubs of Athens playfully carrying around with them "the latest American novelty"—a pocket radio which costs $90 here, the equivalent of three months' pay for the average worker.

The Greek story is an old and oft-told story. UNRRA files in Washington are certainly available to the White House; they give a good idea of who it is that has been exploiting "the human want and misery of the Greek people." Last year, when the government allowed its friends to bring into the black market foodstuffs from Turkey and Egypt, the UNRRA mission in Greece turned its head. Had it reported, as required by the regulations, that supplementary foodstuffs were being brought into the country independently, UNRRA headquarters in the United States would have automatically reduced the food allotments for Greece, and the Greek people would have been forced to buy black-market stuff at exorbitant prices.

For two years the Greek rightists have shrilled that the country's troubles are primarily political and only secondarily economic—as if the two could be divorced. They have proved themselves incapable of bringing improvement in either field. They have no economic program except one which drives the people in desperation toward the extreme left. Their only political program is something they call "super-dynamic," which means extermination of the left.

Let us assume that the government, encouraged as it has been by the American action, manages to suppress and disperse the partisans. What then? As the Liberal leader, Sophoulis, said in the Greek Parliament last January, "For one whole generation there will be no calm in our land, and the Greek people will be divided by an abyss of savage and unquenchable hatreds." A royalist-military dictatorship under the sponsorship of the United States will flourish for a while, and later a new and bitter struggle will break out, with substantial help for the left "from the north." Spain all over again.

The United States has a grand opportunity to make Greece a prize example of political and social democracy progressing along parallel lines. With United States help, Greece can, as the FAO report said last year, "double or triple its per capita production and national income within a short span of years by the effective development and use of its potentialities." The FAO report urged a "New Deal" for Greece. That is all the Greek people want. But if Roosevelt's successor believes he can bring the New Deal in Greece by working with the Royalist right wing he is due for a rude awakening.

Although Acting Secretary of State Acheson, in his first appearance before the House Foreign Affairs Com-

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mittee, said the United States would deal with the present Greek government, he recalled that General Marshall, as the President's envoy to China, had urged the Chinese government to take steps to make itself more representative. In the case of Greece, a word to King George would be sufficient. George will do as he is told —even if it means dissolving Parliament and asking the Liberal Party to form a coalition government which would function until conditions permit the holding of elections. Otherwise, to preserve our new frontier, we shall have to acquiesce in a vicious rightist dictatorship.

I expect the musical show which opened here last week entitled "Send Us More, Uncle Truman," will have a long run.

Kolonaki and the Others

BY ALLEN D. FIELDS

NOW we must get to know about Kolonaki Hill. Americans will like to say Kolonaki, because once you learn to say it straight, after repeating it slowly, it rolls right off your tongue. You get to say an unusual foreign word and you can get the flavor of speaking an alien tongue without having to bother about learning how to talk the whole damned language.

I think that the men we send over to Kolonaki Hill will like the word, and unless I miss my guess, I think they'll get to like the place too, just as the Italians, Germans, and British who were there before them did.

Kolonaki is a Greek word for a place in Athens.

Kolonaki Hill is over to one end of Athens. It rises behind the Royal Palace, which faces Constitution Square. Constitution Square—that's where Dmitri Kessl, of *Life*, took those pictures the time the Security Battalions, still wearing their German uniforms, shot at a parade that had been banned, or had not been banned, or too late—it was all very confusing, and it happened some time ago.

There was one picture of some people, some girls, dunking a banner into some blood of some of the people who were killed there in front of the palace at the very foot of that Kolonaki Hill.

Over to the right of the palace is the Grande Bretagne Hotel, but our men won't be able to get that nasal sound in "Bretagne"; so, like the British who had their HQ there, they'll just call it the "G. B." Our men will say, "Meet me at the G. B. bar," all the time.

*

Kolonaki Hill is the Park Avenue of Greece. The embassies, and the fine homes, and the mansions, and all the kinds of places that make you think you're not in Greece at all are up there.

There's no destruction up on the hill, as there is throughout the rest of Athens and Greece. That's because when the British were fighting the Greeks, they kept withdrawing and withdrawing, and then the British decided to base their defense around the base of Kolonaki Hill. I don't think that there was any real military reason, because they could have defended Piraeus instead, but the British were more at home at Kolonaki Hill than anywhere else, and they just naturally tended to defend "home." We'll be inclined to do the same.

What's wrong with defending Park Avenue? This isn't meant facetiously—there's nothing wrong with defending Park Avenue. But that's why we must get to know about Kolonaki Hill—it isn't *really* like Park Avenue.

In Greece there are in the main just two kinds of people. The Kolonaki—meaning the people of the hill—and the others. You could identify people quickly and easily that way. Is he Kolonaki?

We'll get to know many more Kolonaki than "others." They'll be our interpreters, and our friends, and when we do go out to dinner it will be on Kolonaki Hill. We're small-*d* democrats—certainly! But the Kolonaki will be better dressed—neater, cleaner—and they'll talk more English than the "others." They'll make better aides; they know how to get things done. It would be crazy and inefficient as hell not to use them. We can handle them, and they're more fun to be with.

*

Some things about the Kolonaki will disturb us a little, but we'll get used to them. When we get to go out on a field trip, and when some farmer presses some food on us from his meager ration, we'll take some token goat cheese or something so the man won't feel bad, but our Kolonaki interpreter will do better by himself. He'll tell us, with his mouth full, to go ahead and help ourselves, and then he'll talk to the farmer almost as if he's ordering him to push more stuff at us, and this I think will embarrass the men of our mission.

If we come across someone who's been hurt—maybe a broken rib—our Kolonaki aide will almost get mad at us if we try to help out. He'll explain why—the Greek peasant isn't used to too much attention, he takes care of himself, and there's no telling what trouble we might

ALLEN D. FIELDS, newspaperman and magazine writer, spent eight months in Greece as director of public relations for UNRRA's Balkan mission.

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get into if we stick our nose into that kind of business.

Our Park Avenue residents wouldn't act like that. On Park Avenue, too, philanthropy and interest in things like social welfare are almost fashionable, but on Kolonaki Hill they aren't.

*

Kolonaki got along with the Germans, when they occupied Greece.

It wasn't collaboration, but the Germans liked music and so they'd have musicales.

Leland Stowe reported that one funny thing was that while almost every single family in Greece was in mourning for a father, a brother, a daughter, killed by the Germans, there were scarcely any Kolonaki families that suffered that way.

A few did, of course. And not everyone who lived on the Hill was without a mind or conscience. One friend of mine who lived on Kolonaki Hill but did not consider himself Kolonaki explained it this way: "The Germans wanted to split the Greek people among themselves, and so while they executed many of the others and burned their villages down with flame-throwing tanks, they deliberately spared the Kolonaki to blacken them in the eyes of the others."

He just got to the States—this friend—and I asked him about the collaborators. When I was there, only one sixteen-year-old kid who had worked for the Germans was executed; the rest were all over the place, in the government, in the army, and so on. He said: "It's a matter that makes me feel so ashamed that I can't discuss this in front of your American friends. They wouldn't understand." Later he told me that the score was the same and that the collaborators were more powerful than ever. My friend is just a nice guy, but he's the apologizing kind. He wants to be reasonable.

*

Some of the money we're sending to Greece is for relief, and we'll employ Kolonaki to distribute it. We just about have to. Kolonaki women helped us to distribute clothing for UNRRA. They'd wear their oldest rags to the depot, and then exchange them for the best clothing they could fish out.

Others would too. But the Kolonaki had plenty of good clothes at home. So then the government put a halt to that. They made a law that people whose homes had been looted should have first choice of clothing.

Well, the only homes that were looted were homes that had something lootable that the Germans didn't take. Kolonaki Hill was the place that was defended, though—so how could those homes be looted? Well, they weren't. But all Kolonaki had summer villas at the seashore and they *were* looted. So our clothing relief lines were packed with women whose closets at home bulged, but they didn't have to wear their old things to the depot after that. They wore their fur coats.

There's an outdoor Taverna on the Hill; it's called Jimmy's or Johnny's and it's the place for an afternoon Ouzo. Our mission will be found there, and they'll meet some gorgeous women who will tell them all about their hardships and sufferings. Our men will understand. They'll have to because they'll like to.

They'll live well. Servants? For cigarettes. And boy, will their boots be polished, rubbed with bone, saddle-soaped! The Germans and British brooked no nonsense, and neither should we.

Drawn from life by Oscar Berger

King George

*

Most of the Greeks have had enough. They had the Italians in the Albanian war, and the Germans, and the civil war, and they want a magazine-ad postwar world as hard—if not harder—than we do. The older folks are mournful after almost ten solid years of bloodshed. Strangers in cafes tell you how tired they are of fighting, and they feel they must impress you with the fact that Greeks really are not fighters, hate warfare.

Yet for four hundred years they fought the Turk. It's as if the States had been occupied by a foreign invader clear through from the time of Pocahontas and John Smith, through the Tea Party, the Gettysburg Address, the Spanish-American War, World War I, the flapper age, World War II, and right up to Harry Truman.

These other Greeks are not much the restaurant type. They're wiry, tough, and emotional, and they sit in the mountains and in island jails rather than give up their freedom. For the unemotional Anglo-American, their passion for *Eleutheria* is almost embarrassing.

But when we're there we won't be bothered by the fellows who used to come up and shake hands and tell you they're John Papadapolous, of Scramtum, Pa. Our men will have to travel in groups anyway. We won't feel as uneasy as we used to, about the bulging jails. Now it will be clearer that only the others are in them.

Kolonaki Hill will be velvet. A good place to hang out—nice to come home to. We must get to know about Kolonaki Hill.

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Dixie in Black and White

BY A. G. MEZERIK

II. The People Win in Georgia

Atlanta, Georgia, March 19

THE corridors had been packed for days. The people who were waiting for the decision shuffled their feet and talked in low voices. The general air of expectancy was a little dulled today; clothes were dampish and spirits lowered by an all-day rain outside. Then like a skyrocket on a Fourth of July night, the court's ruling came. Talmadge is out; Thompson is Governor by a five-to-two decision of the Supreme Court. The crowd moved into the halls of the Legislature and filled the seats of the galleries. The session was sixty-seven days old, would end on Saturday, and aside from the white-primary bill, the Legislature had passed only one other measure of state-wide significance. The few bills it *had* passed were now illegal and would not be law until and unless the new Governor, M. E. Thompson, decided to approve them. The Legislature, having been frustrated by the court in its attempt to destroy the people's voting rights by installing Herman Talmadge, spent itself on the day of the voters' triumph fulminating against the State Supreme Court. Then, realizing the futility of its sound and fury, it adjourned.

Herman Talmadge, who had so brazenly stolen the governorship, walked out of the Capitol vowing he would be back in 1949. The people, "the court of last resort" he called them now, would vindicate him. On Atlanta's wet streets those people, well remembering young Talmadge's contempt for people and their votes, were buying extra editions of the *Journal*, congratulating each other and enjoying the strength that comes when democracy is found to be living and in action.

Truly Georgia, in its two months of hectic dictatorship, had had enough. The moral revolt which started with Herman Talmadge's coup détat had now succeeded. The air was cleaner, but thoughtful Georgians were asking themselves, "Is this truly the beginning of a new era?" Law and the rights of man had triumphed, but the things which made possible Herman Talmadge and his father, "Old Gene," are still very much alive.

The original troubles still remain, and they cannot be solved in Atlanta alone. Race relations, the hold of Northern monopoly, and industrialization are Georgia's big underlying problems, but they affect the whole South and the entire country.

The North demands that the South better relations between Negroes and whites, forgetting New York's Harlem, Detroit's Paradise Valley, and Chicago's South Side. The South wants Northern monopoly to empty its carpetbag and get out, forgetting that Southern bourbons have been full partners in forging the chains on the South's economy. North and South, the majority of people are ignorant of the price which the entire nation pays for race prejudice and monopoly. Exploitation by Northern monopolists and their Southern quislings keeps the South poor, even where it has rich resources. The poverty is reflected in bitter competition for a share of the few pennies which are available. The competition is naturally most severe and malignant at the lowest level—in the mill towns, in the hills, on the land.

These conditions have been only too well illustrated in Georgia during Herman Talmadge's ascendancy, when the state government degenerated into a joke with sinister overtones. Let us look at the facts behind the political tent show. Georgia is the biggest Southern state east of the Mississippi; it has a splendid climate, vast forests (twenty-four million acres), and a variety of minerals. And it has 3,200,000 people. But see what happens to the people. Each person has to get along on an average of $761 a year—the figure for the best year in Georgia's history. In forty-one states people are better off. New York has a per capita income of $1,595. Georgia's big farm population, producing cotton, peanuts, tobacco, and sugar cane, has less than one-half the per capita cash income of rural citizens outside the South. Nearly half a million Georgia homes—farm and city together—have no running water; the infant death rate is exceeded in the whole country by only four states, and they too are Southern. The nation spends annually $103.49 per public-school pupil—teachers' strikes and pupil discontent testify to the inadequacy of even this amount—but Georgia spends only $45.47.

Georgia's peculiar politics are, in fact, based on poverty and financed by those who would perpetuate it. Money comes from the Northern owners of Southern railroads, textile mills, utilities, and banks and from their allies, the Southern bourbons. Though the poverty-stricken masses are the voting backbone of the hate politicians, the Talmadge campaigns have not been dependent on the nickels and dimes of the "wool-hats"—a name used to describe the back-country people who in earlier times bought

A. G. MEZERIK, author of "The Revolt of the South and West," has spent the past several months making a new survey of the South. This is the second article of a series he is writing on current political and economic trends in various Southern states.

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a square of felt and shaped it into a hat by soaking it in hot sheep fat. Georgia politics are controlled by the right wing of the Democratic Party, which has kept the South hog-tied for generations. In this context the position of James A. Farley, who split with Roosevelt because of the latter's progressivism, as chairman of the Board of the Coca-Cola Export Corporation is easily understood. Mr. Farley may have no connection with the Talmadge group, but many others of his kind have taken an active, if silent, part in Southern political campaigns.

The monopolists and bourbons leave the talking to the Talmadges and their henchmen, who make political hay out of race prejudice. At the same time, because they know their back country well, the Talmadges expose many a legitimate grievance. "Old Gene," until his death in 1946, was unequaled in sensing and aggravating the fears and discontents of poor people. A superlative servant of the rich corporations that financed him, he was skilled in making poverty and reaction seem virtues in the man whose vote he needed. "Keep a man poor," he used to say, "and you'll keep him honest." Talmadge kept men poor. He fanned the discontent of the wool-hats and directed it against the more prosperous and better-educated people of the towns as well as against the ever-present Negroes, the traditional scapegoats.

"OLD GENE'S" MARCH TO DICTATORSHIP

Talmadge's career shows how easily an American can become a dictator by using the masses and their needs as leverage. "Old Gene" got his start in 1926 as state commissioner of agriculture. In that post until 1932, he became the spokesman for the farmers, who had never been in worse plight. He spent the state's money to stop the falling market in hogs. Faced with impeachment for this, he dramatized himself as the champion of the people. He became a popular hero and beat down a dozen other candidates for the governorship in 1932. In the campaign he stumped the state denouncing the politicians who had exploited the people. His own great promise was to provide three-dollar automobile plates. Once in office, he made good on this promise, defying the Legislature in order to do it and beginning his career of governing by decree. Thereby he and his henchmen propagated the powerful legend, "Talmadge always keeps his promises."

He kept the issues simple; so that they could be understood by people with the least money or education. When he ran again, in 1934, he didn't need a platform. He was the simple man from Sugar Creek, not a man who spoke high-sounding words about fiscal affairs and such things, just a man who kept his promises. And the wool-hats turned out again to reelect him. By 1936 his eyes were on the United States Senate, but the record of his governorship was beginning to catch up with him. He had shoved textile strikers into concentration camps; he had frequently used state troops; he had forcibly ousted elected officials and commissions. Instead of answering these charges he raised simple issues about national government. He promised to bring back two-cent postage and to cut the national budget. But the New Deal was delivering the goods, and the very people who had voted in "Old Gene" before were benefiting from AAA, FSA, and TVA and supporting Roosevelt. More than two-cent postage was needed to hold the country people. And suddenly Talmadge's real backers came into the open. The man from Sugar Creek, it appeared, was the darling of the bankers and the Liberty League. The big employers made speeches for him, and their arguments revealed how little "Old Gene" had done for the rank-and-file voters. The financial and industrial interests said they wanted Talmadge because he had cut taxes and public services, in marked contrast to a federal government spending billions on relief.

Realizing that the Liberty League would not save him, Talmadge invoked the Negro menace. Before 1936 he had not needed, or bothered, to use it. But the times were not right, and his bid for the Senate was defeated. In 1940 he again pulled out all the stops on white supremacy and was elected for another term as governor, during which he used dictatorial methods to destroy the state university system. On his next try, in 1942, "Old Gene" was defeated by Ellis Arnall. Then came 1946, bringing labor's organizing drives and the Supreme Court decision that Negroes might vote in primaries. The combination was manna from heaven. With it "Old Gene" played on the simplest and most direct fears of the country folk. It was almost enough to elect him—almost but not quite, for when the votes were tabulated he would have lost had it not been for the county-unit system. Talmadge's opponent had more votes than he had, but they did not count.

The county-unit system is one of those voting restrictions invented by the Talmadges for the Talmadges. It effectively cancels the city vote and delivers the preponderant power to the rural areas. Under it the primary vote for elected state and federal officials is tabulated by county units. Each county has twice as many unit votes as it has representation in the lower house of the state legislature. Fulton County, in which is Atlanta, with a population of 400,000 has three representatives in the lower house and therefore six unit votes. Echols County with a population of 3,000 has one representative and therefore two unit votes. Thus one vote for Talmadge in Echols County counterbalanced

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fifty votes for his opponent in Atlanta. In another county a single Talmadge vote was worth more than fifty-six against him in Atlanta.

The system permitted Talmadge to ignore the cities and concentrate on his crossroads show. He went to the crossroads riding on cotton bales. He stood in his red suspenders, drinking from a gourd, and responded to cues from a stooge in overalls perched in a tree near the platform. When the speaking was over, his henchmen carried him off on their shoulders. This routine got the votes. "Old Gene's" success was greatest where discontent was deepest, needs most desperate. He knew what the country people wanted, but he never gave them anything but three-dollar auto tags—for a little while—and federally financed projects and roads. "Old Gene" kept many more promises to his financial and corporate backers. Today the people of the back country are left with a legend which is false and with old needs which are real. The Talmadge legend will be fuel for the next demagogue's fire until that day when the country people have seen that somebody really cares and is doing something about it.

DEMAGOGUE'S FORMULA

The back country, not only in Georgia but everywhere in the South, fails to get the services it needs. Farm-to-market roads have not been built, and the farmer is left at the mercy of a city middleman. County roads have not been hard-surfaced and are impassable a good part of the time. Schools are hopelessly dilapidated, incompetently manned, and impossible to reach in bad weather, even if there were enough school buses, which there are not. Good teachers cannot be obtained. There is a great deficiency of hospitals, doctors, and nurses, and where they do exist, their quality is poor.

Anyone who promises to improve things will get a hearing from the wool-hats. Who prevents the farmer and the small-towner from having these essentials? The answer of every Southern demagogue follows the same pattern. It is the godless, overdressed, overeating city dweller. "The cities have the hospitals, schools, and roads. They have stolen what you are entitled to; that's why they have them and you don't. Hate the cities." And there is enough truth in this to convince people whose discontent is real.

The second villain, according to the Southern demagogue, is monopoly. Never, never does he name the Georgia Power Company, the United States Steel Corporation, or du Pont. Always he limits himself to a general accusation against monopoly. But when he begins to rail against Yankee labor leaders, his reticence leaves him. He rolls their names on his tongue—Baldzani, John L. Lewis, and Sidney Hillman (for the politician's purposes the last remains alive and well). He loves to linger on the Italian and Jewish names, which sound especially outlandish to the isolated Scotch-Irish of the Piedmont.

"What are the Yankees trying to do to you? Make you into coolies, slave labor, paying dues to un-American unions. They'll give your jobs to niggers." There comes in the familiar note. From that point it is easy. The "nigger," if the demagogue's opponent wins, will supervise all jobs, take over the land, push Mr. Wool-Hat off the street—he thinks the "nigger" is acting too uppity in the cities anyway—and end by raping his daughter.

As part of the formula, the demagogue ties up his opponent with the outsiders. "Arnall is a Wallace man, Wallace is a C. I. O. man," therefore they are "nigger lovers." "Turn out and beat them—keep Georgia pure." And in the wings, while this hammy act goes on, stand the financial and industrial backers.

Helping the demagogue on the local level is the Ku Klux Klan and its thousand variants—one even has "Coast Guard" in its title. All of these are anti-labor or anti-Negro, or both. Here and there the aid of a preacher is enlisted. "Parson Jack" has his headquarters in Columbus, Georgia, in a tabernacle that cost $100,000. The building was the gift of Columbus Roberts, a gentleman with large holdings in the Coca-Cola Bottling Company and other industries. "Parson Jack" publishes a sheet called the *Trumpet,* which specializes in anti-union diatribes. Not long ago he explained in the *Trumpet* in heavy type that C. I. O. stood for Communist International Organizations. When admonished by another preacher who said he could prove the C. I. O. was not Communist, Parson Jack replied, "You may be able to prove the C. I. O. isn't Communist, but you will never convince me that the Federal Churches of Christ in America is anything but Communist." Anti-labor employers who provide funds for preachers like Parson Jack explain blandly that it is an old Southern custom for mill-owners to contribute to churches in the small towns.

BOURBONS IN RETREAT

The Northern industrialists and Southern bourbons who finance the demagogues resolved to keep their men in power. Today they are in retreat, Governor M. E. Thompson sits in the State Capitol and the people rejoice. The next big step comes in December, 1948, when the election for governor is held. Between now and then Herman Talmadge and his Northern friends will be try-

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ing to stave off change. Already Talmadge has announced a speaking tour on which he will make his bid for all-South leadership in company with none other than Gerald L. K. Smith. These will be critical days for the new forces which came into being in the moral fervor of the fight to oust Herman Talmadge. The demagogues and their backers, in installing their pretender, stimulated a valiant opposition. They brought into action against them almost the entire organized church of Georgia and the South. (Preachers like Parson Jack are not accepted in most organizations of ministers.) A large section of the decent citizens of the state became aroused by the immoral nature of the white-primary bill. Voters and politicians who had been excluded from party councils demanded their rights and were determined to take steps inside or outside the one-party set-up to get those rights; this may lead to a two-party system.

In June, 1946, a Gallup poll revealed that 62 per cent of all Southerners having an opinion believed that the one-party system was bad for the South. More than a majority wanted a two-party system. The majority would be much greater now since the attempted seizure of the Democratic Party and the governorship by Herman Talmadge in Georgia. An organization called "The Aroused Citizens of Georgia" has been formed to revamp the Democratic Party so it can serve as a democratic vehicle. This movement will go forward.

The signs today foretell a better era, although the 1,085,000 Negroes who are the submerged third of Georgia may well remain depressed. Their day has not yet come. White supremacy is still a staple, and while it exists it will be felt by the Negro in every relationship. The lynching of four Negroes at Monroe, Georgia, followed "Old Gene's" incendiary speeches, and this year in Greenville, South Carolina, a Negro was lynched after a white-primary bill was passed in that state.

The demagogue has been able in the past to sell his race-hate bill of goods to the wool-hats, the Crackers, and the red-necks. Their reaction is conditioned by their ignorance, their poverty, and their prejudices. The root of the trouble which plagues the South is not in these people of the back country but in the evils which beset them.

The use of race hate in politics, in Georgia or any other Southern state, will have to be fought with deeds. Southern liberal leaders are learning that what is said is not so important as what is done. When a hard road or a school is built in the red-clay hills, the families living near know who got it for them. That is an argument which sticks, as the demagogues' empty promises do not. Southern progressives who can offer this type of concrete help will be supported in the rural areas. There are many more people in the South who will welcome a working democracy than is indicated by newspaper reports, which deal almost exclusively with coup d'états, lynchings, and fiery crosses. In every walk of life, save among practicing bourbons and Northern overseers, people have stood up to be counted in the face of public threats of violence and private warnings from their bankers. Among them are leaders as able as any to be found in New York or Washington. Hosts of young people, on the campuses, in the factories, and in the churches, are readying themselves to fight a political battle for social ends. But if they are to win the victory, Southern needs must be recognized as national problems, important not only in Atlanta but in Seattle and New York.

Meanwhile Atlanta and Georgia may well celebrate. They have had a victory in which people's rights became state's rights.

In the Wind

TOM KELLY, twenty-six, Aleutian campaign veteran and Reed College (Oregon) student, was arrested last month and jailed overnight by the Portland police when they found him reading Shelley by moonlight. He was held for investigation by the FBI before being released.

"I EXTEND TO YOU my sincere congratulations in this your sixtieth year of publishing. Faithfully and fearlessly you have crusaded . . . and fought against disloyal destructive forces . . . within our God-blessed land."—Francis Cardinal Spellman to William Randolph Hearst, in the New York *Journal-American,* March 3, 1947.

WILLIAM W. WALISZEWSKI was fined $150 in the Columbus (Georgia) city court last February 12 on a charge of driving while under the influence of intoxicants. Wilson Greenleaf, a Negro, same court, same day, same charge, was given a fine of $500 or a sentence of twelve months.

WE, THE MOTHERS, Mobilize for America, one of Elizabeth Dilling's organizations, has whipped up a fifty-four-page pamphlet accusing the Jews of having kidnapped the Lindbergh baby and murdered it for ritual purposes.

SHORT STORY from the March 10 Associated Press wires: "*Rome*—Rear Admiral Ellery W. Stone, former Allied Commissioner in Italy, announced today his engagement to Countess Renata Arborio Mella di Sant' Elia, member of a prominent Italian family closely connected with the Vatican. . . . Born a Protestant, Admiral Stone was baptized into the Catholic church Saturday and was received Sunday by Pope Pius XII. . . . Admiral Stone and the former Louise F. Wardwell were divorced a fortnight ago in Reno."

PROFESSOR HERBERT D. LAMSON, a Boston marriage counselor, has advised "eligible men and women" to pick a mate who is a political conservative in order to insure marital happiness.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. One dollar will be paid for each item accepted.*]

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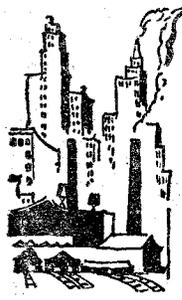

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

KEITH HUTCHISON

Why Greeks Go Left

IF THERE were no Communists in Greece, the Greek government would have to invent them. For in order to survive, the Athenian regime must do something to improve the desperate economic situation in Greece, must provide at least subsistence for the Greek people and offer them some hope for the future. This necessitates large financial assistance from abroad, and since Britain has no more pounds to spare, the United States is the only possible banker. But if Mr. Truman had appealed to Capitol Hill for funds to invest solely in the economic reconstruction of Greece, he would surely have been turned down. Only a Congress scared to death by a vision of Greece being dragged behind the iron curtain is likely to vote assistance on the required scale.

The result is that the Communist danger has been played up, and the real menace in Greece, the abysmal poverty which a corrupt and inefficient government cannot cope with, the menace which swells the ranks of the partisans, has been played down. This subject, however, has received a good deal of attention from the United Nations agencies which the Administration has cold-shouldered. Last May, for instance, the Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) sent a mission to Greece to study agriculture, fisheries, and related industries and to make recommendations for their rehabilitation and development. In carrying out this task the mission, most of whose members were American, was compelled to review the whole Greek economy. Its recently published report, therefore, throws much light on the basic causes of the Greek crisis, and its recommendations include valuable suggestions for restoring the country to a modicum of prosperity.

Greek losses in the war were prodigious, for the Germans did a more than usually thorough job of earth-scorching. They destroyed or seriously damaged about one-eighth of the country's dwellings, blew up innumerable bridges, wrecked a large part of the railroad system. The Greek merchant marine, important as a means of earning foreign exchange and essential for local communications, was decimated. Altogether, it has been estimated, the country's losses totaled some five billion dollars. Yet, with so much work to be done, unemployment is rife. Compared to totalitarian Yugoslavia, which suffered devastation on a similar scale, "democratic" Greece has shown little energy in tackling the job of reconstruction.

Even before the war Greece was one of the most poverty-stricken countries in Europe. Mainly agricultural, it was attempting to support far too large a population on its soil. On the average, the FAO mission reports, cropland per person on farms is only 1.31 acres—about the same as in India. Working with primitive implements and using too little fertilizer, the peasants achieve crop yields far below the European average. What is needed in Greece is more intensive cultivation by a smaller number of farmers, but to achieve that industries must be developed to drain off the surplus population and expand the market for farm products.

The outstanding recommendation of the FAO mission—the development of the neglected Greek water resources—is related to both these objectives. Like California, Greece has a mild climate with a rainfall which would be fairly adequate if evenly distributed throughout the year. Unfortunately concentration of this rainfall in a few winter months means that a great deal of it runs off rapidly, causing erosion, flood damage, and the creation of malarial swamps in the low country. A systematic program of water control and development must therefore be the first step toward making Greek agriculture more productive. It should be possible, the mission suggests, to irrigate, and so make available for intensive agriculture, about one-fifth of the cultivatable land. Considerable areas could also be reclaimed by erosion control and drainage works. In connection with such projects, the mission proposes hydroelectric developments large and small, which eventually could give Greece an energy supply equal to that produced at Boulder Dam. Provided that electric-power charges were based on actual costs and not on costs of alternative methods of power production, such a program could immensely stimulate the growth of industry.

Apart from such specific plans, the mission makes a number of recommendations regarding agricultural research and education, reconstruction of transport, development of fisheries, encouragement of cooperatives, emigration, and so forth. But its members obviously realized that the best of schemes will be still-born unless handled by government midwives with clean hands and some degree of energy and technical skill. Hence their report goes somewhat beyond their terms of reference by suggesting basic government reforms in a manner that implies sharp criticism of the prevailing system. For instance, speaking of the "shortcomings" of the civil service, it mentions "exclusive reliance on seniority in promotions; excessive centralization of control in Athens; frequent political interference . . . an exceedingly inadequate scale of civil-service pay . . . unduly short working hours; and conflicting and duplicating allocation of administrative responsibility."

The mission's comments on the present Greek tax structure are even more revealing. It points out that the present system is extremely regressive, with the burden weighing far more heavily on the poor than on the well-to-do. Only about 15 per cent of the current revenue comes from direct taxes on profits, rents, and real property; the remainder is raised by imposts on "almost every stage in production, transportation, and trade," with the result that the production and marketing of goods are both inhibited. Moreover, as the report points out, "the tax structure is responsible, in part at least, for the exceedingly unequal distribution of wealth and income in Greece"—an inequality demonstrated by the contrast in Athens between the luxurious living of the few and the rags and hunger of the many.

The mission suggests that the Greek government should seek technical aid from the United Nations and financial assistance from the World Bank. But, it hints unmistakably, such aid should be conditioned on internal reform. Now that

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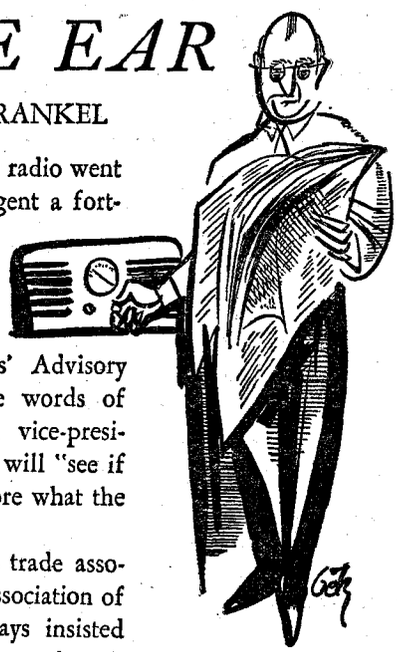
President Truman has pushed the U. N. out of the picture and assumed for the United States the economic and moral burden of Greek resuscitation, I hope he will be equally insistent on radical changes in the Greek system of administration and fiscal and economic policies. Otherwise Greece is likely to turn out an exceedingly bad investment, with the bulk of the American taxpayers' money ending up in the pockets of the Greek government's rich supporters, and communism continuing to draw strength from the hunger and despair of the masses.

IN ONE EAR

BY LOU FRANKEL



THE fight for better radio went off on a fresh tangent a fortnight ago when a group of top-drawer advertising and network executives organized a Broadcasters' Advisory Council which, in the words of Charles G. Mortimer, vice-president of General Foods, will "see if [it] can make radio more what the public wants."

The industry and its trade association, the National Association of Broadcasters, have always insisted the public was getting what it wanted, but the people behind the Broadcasters' Advisory Council have long been disturbed by the industry's penchant for feuding with the Federal Communications Commission instead of cleaning house and getting on with a profitable business. The announced intention of the new organization to meet instead of ignore criticism brought the schism into the open.

Behind the break is an interesting chain of events. For twenty years the N. A. B. has been struggling to shed its diapers. In its early days it was dominated by the networks, so much so that for a time the non-network stations had their own organization, the National Association of Independent Broadcasters. This group lasted only until the independents acquired more power in the N. A. B., but the internal conflict in the latter organization left it without effectual leadership.

During this time the networks lost their monopoly fight in the courts and Congress. Finally, knowing that the FCC was preparing its indictment of their programming soon to be published as its famous "Blue Book," they persuaded the industry to put a strong man at the head of the association. Justin Miller, educator and ex-judge of the United States Court of Appeals in Washington, was given the job at $50,000 a year.

Judge Miller was an eminent jurist but a novice in radio, and when the "Blue Book" was released, he took the advice of certain men of limited vision on his staff and on that of the *Broadcasting Magazine*, the industry's most affluent trade publication, and proceeded to fight the FCC in public meetings and the press. The "Blue Book," however, had caught radio *flagrante delicto*. The networks and a few enlightened broadcasters realized that fighting it would only keep the spotlight on the industry's weak spots and do it no good. Instead of arguing with the FCC, they wanted to talk about the many things radio had to its credit. In the end the N. A. B. Board of Directors ordered Judge Miller to "stop trying to lick the FCC and to win them with friendship instead." The Judge refused to go along.

He had been out in the sticks talking with the small broadcasters, most of whom were guilty of the abuses documented in the "Blue Book." From them he had gathered that the majority of his members wanted a fight to the finish with the FCC. So today the Judge and his staff are busy throwing bricks at the commission, and *Broadcasting Magazine* is leading a drive to cut its budget. In protest, the two major networks, NBC and CBS, have resigned their representation on the directorate of the N. A. B. and with Mutual are now supporting the Broadcasters' Advisory Council.

For several years key men like Frank Stanton, president of CBS, and Edgar Kobak, president of Mutual, together with important people in the advertising agencies and representatives of powerful advertisers like Lever Brothers, Standard Brands, and General Foods, have sweated to stabilize the industry. They standardized rate cards and coverage maps, clipped the chiselers, and tamed the greedy. They knew radio advertising was a gold mine. They knew that both sides get dirty in a mud-fight. They strongly counseled moderation. Even when "The Hucksters" lambasted their business, they played it smart and refused to fight back.

These people know how to interpret figures. They read the Hooperatings. They see that more radio sets are in use now than ever before. They know things are going well. But they keep a finger on the public's pulse, and they also know that a considerable minority among listeners are unhappy. For these men fighting is out. If they cannot provide what the public wants they will try to persuade the public to take something else. They remember all too well the stench uncovered during the fight against the pure food and drug regulations. Radio broadcasting is a quarter-billion-dollar business. Let it ride with the punches.

When the split came in the N. A. B., it was only natural for the moderates to create the Broadcasters' Advisory Council. Within a year a considerable segment of the radio industry may have joined them. What it means is that the broadcasters, unable to run their own show, are giving the customers—that is, the advertisers and agencies—control of commercial radio. This will make for better commercials, but just what it will do to programs in the public interest is a question.

Anything which cramps the reactionaries within the N. A. B. strengthens the FCC. Likewise anything which standardizes the commercial side of radio should free brain power for the sustaining and public-interest programs. Perhaps when the Broadcasters' Advisory Council is really in the saddle, stations and networks will lend a more attentive ear to what the listener wants.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

NORFOLK MEMORIALS

I

North Pickenham

The army was ours that spring. Landing in England
Captured an island much reduced by rain.
Deep in the humpbacked huts we cursed and cowered,
Waiting for mid-July, for now it seemed
Spring was the traitor, continually it seemed
The summit of the summer was the sun.

The planes got up and barked all over England,
And here rode such a ruddy Alexander
As England greened to look upon. His voice
Was Akron and Atlanta, but his eyes
Covered the skyline with a natural grace,
And when he took the air the air took fire.
This was the springboard, lifting him so high
He thought at first all diving was to fly.
His government provided scant instruction
As to the downward journey; then his life
Turned in the hand of God, he was on his own,
For where was the manual on how to die?
If he sometimes had to fall, his flaming hair
No more concerned the medical department
Than symptoms of an unproscribed surprise,
An unmilitary terror in his face.

Some only fell in love. For them the land
Hovered under the sky. They lay in meadows
Trimmed like movie sets, where bursts of green
Startled the flying bombs and where the sun
Managed its cocktail parties all day long.
Much that they did was vital, but the stamp
Set on their records marked them as autre temps;
They loved love, when they should have laughed it off.
How could the brow describe so brave an arc
As that improvident parabola
Carved by the bomber on a screaming sky?

Incessantly the planes proclaimed disaster.
The lovers of the nightride in the lorry
Lingered as long as any could afford,
But when the runs of liberty were canceled
Even the least passionate embrace
Seemed overdone, so widely was it done.

And all the planes leapt overhead and soared.

II

Wendling

Here were planes. But everything else was gone.
Somewhere in the southern part of France
Peasants gathered like vultures, and the life
Seized from the grounded airman oddly bent
Under the platane, this life was flesh,
Love of our life caught in the upturned eyes.
Defying all the mockeries of maneuvers
And violating all the secret commandments
It justified the war, and in its hand
Turned the neck of a flower like the stem
Of a wine glass, while the grateful peasants,
Raising their arms in prayer, proposed a toast.

Some read the numbers on the casualty list,
Counting the odds. Others, the erstwhile friends,
Showed shocked faces, thought as long as they dared
On the impossible event. Others shed tears
In private. Beyond these there were those
Who sleepwalked in the daytime, groping the air
For something that never seemed to be wholly there.
Their hands went out and faltered and their eyes,
Dry and blind as mirrors, walked the earth
Like tourists who only have time to cover ground.

All this concerned the younger generation
(The oldest pilot would now be twenty-six).
Some who escaped wept on the ravished field,
Hiding their faces from their thoughts of home.
The lovelorn found it a time for awkwardness
In public places. The resigned pose came later.

Who could have said which look of love was real?
And how many knew what loves were gone forever
In those days when the war wound up the war?

Now watch the planes move over the horizon
Much like the elephants of Leconte de Lisle.

COMAN LEAVENWORTH

THE MATERIALISTS: 1946

This delight condemns us, what can we do for hope,
The elisions of immortality
Strike to us here.
No day after tomorrow enlarges shape.
This is delight's immediate sphere.

What will reprieve us, the salutary
Outward offense of disaster
And circumstance,
Or your whole loss, or any lost vagary?
We are condemned beyond the hope of chance.

When the hanged men of burning autumn
Reproach themselves
Upon the brilliant branch,
We, reproaching them for their variable outcome,
Stay to delight's invariable task.

JOSEPHINE MILES

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SPEAK UP NOW

or Forever Lose Your Peace!

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S PROGRAM ON GREECE AND TURKEY CAN SHATTER THE U.N.

If you believe that starving people need food, not guns—that the American ideal of democracy can only be preserved by people who are fed, not fought—that we should aid people, not armies—that the enactment of the Truman proposals will undermine the U. N., divide the world in two, and usher in a century of fear—THEN YOU MUST SPEAK UP NOW!

WHAT P.C.A. IS DOING

P. C. A. is *acting* in this crisis—with full-page ads in the New York Times, Washington Post, Chicago Sun, and other newspapers reproducing the complete text of Henry Wallace's magnificent radio address of March 13, in answer to the Truman proposals — with a mass rally in Madison Square Garden—with two coast-to-coast broadcasts—with a mass delegation in Washington — by distributing hundreds of thousands of leaflets of the Wallace speech—with community group activity throughout the country (opinion polls, rallies, forums, petitions, delegations).

We are giving the public the facts it needs to act!

What YOU can do

If you can't act in person, will you *send your dollars* to act for you? Every dollar received goes into a special fund used solely to mobilize public opinion to the significance of the Greek crisis—which is really a *U. N.* crisis—an *American crisis*—YOUR crisis. Every dollar will go into advertising, radio, and leaflets.

P.C.A. BELIEVES: This is not an issue of any single progressive organization. Every group and individual believing in the U. N. and peace must stand together.

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ON GREECE AND TURKEY

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☐ Allocate $3.00 of the above toward membership in P. C. A.

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Political Anthology

DISCOVERY OF EUROPE. Edited with an Introduction and Comments by Philip Rahv. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

AMERICAN writings about Europe during the first 170 years of the Republic aggregate into a library of great volume and richness. Its authors have few illusions as to the youth and rawness of their own civilization, yet tend to look with disaffection upon what passes across the ocean for ripeness. They themselves are transplanted Europeans; most of these writers look back to an English origin, and all are tied with some closeness to literary England by the bond of language. So their situation is poignant; much as when a young man individually comes to self-consciousness and is obliged to appraise his nearest elders, who are enveloped with the complacency that comes of success, and not visibly infected as they ought to be by any sense of guilt.

Philip Rahv anthologizes from these writings and furnishes running comment as a cultural historian. The originality of his selections is in the large display of writings in which the European influences are not embraced but repelled. He likes the indigenous elements in the American culture.

He is also a political idealist, and the reader will approve his fidelity to the old commitment of this nation to an equalitarian society. But I have the feeling that his political interest is continually and unnecessarily getting in front of his cultural interest; for the two are not the same. The fathers must have picked like magpies from the glittering artifacts, the social rites, the evolved tastes, of countries politically very alien, without especially vitiating their own polity. I should imagine that nothing on earth is humanly much stronger than the set of the democratic principle in American character. So I feel surer of the national integrity than Mr. Rahv seems to be.

He is sternly and oddly on his guard against English influences. Now I presume that I vote pretty much as Mr. Rahv does at election time, and am therefore entitled to some sort of liberal rating; but in attaining to it I do not seem to have noted the need for so arbitrary an animus. In his commentary it is as if he projected himself backward into the period when some American wrote fondly about England, and felt that such a man was vicious, and no true patriot; because he must have been socially arrogant, and here was only finding excuse for setting up his own aristocracy, after some miserable and reduced American plan. And Mr. Rahv rejoices when, about the end of World War I, American travelers begin to prefer to stop in France, where there is a "revolutionary tradition" and a truly "intellectual" stimulus, and our country is delivered of the menace of the Anglophiles forever. I think the term "intellectual" may be the key to his position. A new severity has come to political thinking in our time, in that it is abstract, or intellectual, and produces revolution as soon as not, if logic calls for it. But this country has not been very deeply modernized in this sense; it prefers a kind of political action that is more spontaneous in origin, and only evolutionary in the degree of its displacement. Considering the precariousness of the intellectual fiat in an existential world, I am satisfied with that. But historically it is doubtless an effect of English background. The new proficiency at foreign languages which has made us acquainted with other nations than England, or for that matter the eclipse of the British Empire itself, has come far too late to undo it.

Mr. Rahv might register less comfort, and more concern, when he presents Randolph Bourne in 1913, finished with his studies at Columbia University and entering on the Grand Tour, as stopping briefly in England and then settling down more suitably at Paris, from which city he writes presently about the Sorbonne: "This splendid free university . . . makes Oxford look like a primary school, and even Columbia, which is incomparably superior to any British university, look like an expensive high school." We think of Bourne's youthfulness; but he was twenty-seven. So far as I know, it is precisely as distressing when a man declares an incomparable superiority for the Sorbonne or Columbia over Oxford as when he declares an incomparable superiority with the terms reversed. An intelligence whose sensibility was both wide and open could not declare it either way. Of course Mr. Rahv is not so brash as that, but he is like Bourne in that he is not so good with sensibilities as with political ideas. But a civilization is largely made out of sensibilities. There are natural likings which it is not necessary for politics to denounce; there are free perceptions which it is not the business of politics to deny.

He gives us a letter by William James apropos of the Dreyfus affair, and a postscript which reads: "Damn it, America doesn't know the meaning of the word corruption compared with Europe." We like Mr. Rahv for relishing that sentiment. And in due chronological order we come to some discussion of the matter by Ernest Hemingway, taken from "For Whom the Bell Tolls." After much fighting in Spain Robert Jordan is wondering why he feels that the old purity of his participation seems to have been subtly corrupted. At first he thinks it is because he has been softened through self-indulgence—with fine food, with love—but soon he is reflecting upon the dirty tricks he has had to play as a soldier, and the lies and "political assassinations" that he has seen performed in the name of the good cause. It seems to be the final sense of Hemingway's hero—and I believe Mr. Rahv would share it in the last resort, as I do—that corruption comes not so much by softening oneself as by hardening oneself. The virtue of American politics, according to this principle, would be in the fact that at least the great political figures have been innocent, maintaining their integrity as human beings, amateurs rather than professionals at politics, and even in office keeping the scruple of sensibility. Likewise it would be the virtue of the American electorate to sense this innocence, and rate it high in their officials, as a kind of safeguard against intrusting their business to liars and assassins.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM

Out of the Frying Pan

THIS IS MY STORY. By Louis Budenz. Whittlesey House, The McGraw-Hill Book Company. $3.

LOUIS BUDENZ'S book, "This is My Story," is important because of its exposure of the American Communist Party and the world Stalinist move-

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PM's *Views On Greek Relief*

President Truman on March 12th requested from Congress a $400,000,000 appropriation "for assistance to Greece and Turkey" and—*authority to send a detail of American civilian and military personnel to these countries "to assist in the tasks of reconstruction and for the purpose of supervising the use of such financial and material assistance as may be furnished."*

PM's Editors believe that this is a definite step towards a New Struggle for World Power.

Here is PM's Formula for Handling the Situation in Greece

"First, give aid to the Greek people, but on conditions that the government be reformed to include the elements now unrepresented. To help such a government would not involve us in a struggle with Russia, yet it would give the stability in Greece which ought to be what we are seeking. There were some rumors, before the President's speech, that he would incorporate in it this condition. His failure to do so is an omission of first importance.

"Second, the aid we give the Greek people must be wholly economic, not at all military. It should include no military or training mission or war material, as the President proposes. Granted a change in the government, as proposed above, it would be possible to keep the aid wholly economic. For there would be no need for fighting a civil war to the bitter end.

"Our action in aiding Greece should be done under the UN, along with Britain and Russia, (to the extent that either can afford aid), and within the spirit of all our international commitments. It is hard to grow wrathful at Russian violations of that spirit and Russian interventionism when we make ourselves guilty of both."

Max Lerner
(in PM, March 13th)

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ment. Reading it, one can readily see that the author tells only a small portion of what he knows. But what he does tell is damning, and even sensational. Budenz declares that the plot to murder Leon Trotsky was organized on American soil, and he even admits that he was used as an unwitting dupe in the organization of this plot. His revelations concerning the assassination of Trotsky are consistent with what is already known. Budenz also remarks that a leading member of the Communist Party, "H," declared to him that the Russian NKVD (the OGPU) had "liquidated" Julia Stuart Poyntz. She was a leading member of the American Communist Party and a known Russian agent. The late Carlo Tresca—himself mysteriously assassinated on the streets of New York—made the same charges some years ago before a federal grand jury. In addition to these revelations, Budenz describes the leaders of the American Communist Party as puppets and pawns who tremble before foreign agents. Critics of the Communist Party have long been aware that these men and women do not think for themselves: the revelations of Louis Budenz confirm what these critics have long maintained. When Earl Browder was deposed as the beloved leader of the party, nearly all his faithful followers confessed to being guilty of "Browderism," and then denounced him. Budenz includes a description of this scene in his book. It was one of the most debasing and shameful spectacles in contemporary American politics.

Louis Budenz left the Communist Party to return to the Roman Catholic church. He substituted one form of authoritarianism for another. Shortly after he joined the Communist Party, that organization advanced the slogan that communism is twentieth-century Americanism. Budenz's present views can be characterized as a mere variation of the same slogan. He now seems to think that Roman Catholicism is twentieth-century Americanism. He equates American democratic thinking with Catholicism. This is incorrect. The Constitution is a secular document. It contains no appeal to the Deity; on the contrary, its appeal is to the self-interest of men. Thus it must be described as a materialistic document. However, to Louis Budenz, the greatest evil facing the world today is that of "sinful" materialism. He also affirms the economic and moral principles laid down in papal encyclicals of the last half-century or so. These encyclicals advance the idea of the corporate state. In urging America to adopt the proposals of the popes, Budenz is really asking us to establish a corporate state.

After years in the Communist Party, Louis Budenz gives the impression of a man who has been humiliated but who is not humble. He associates his own reconversion with the conversions of St. Paul, St. Augustine, and John Henry Cardinal Newman. He is different from these men. When he writes to expose his old comrades in the Communist Party, his style is clear, direct, and reportorial: when he tries to convey his own emotions of reconversion, he indulges in pieties and banalities, and he seems to find it necessary to rely heavily on quotations. The Italian novelist, Ignazio Silone, once remarked that in a dictatorship men do not think; they quote. As a reborn Catholic enjoying his new state of grace, Budenz must use quotations to express his deepest feelings. As a Communist, he was a zealot and an authoritarian; he has not changed. He insists as strongly on conformity as do the American Communists. His change of mind and of heart is in reality a mere change of rigid dogmatisms. His views are clerical, and he proposes an out-and-out Vatican political line for the American people.

Budenz also declares that he was aware of the methods of the Communist Party as far back as 1921. He admits that for almost the entire period that he was a party member he was aware of the control which foreign agents exerted over this party. He indicates that he had knowledge of the plot against Trotsky for about five years before he spoke out in public. Despite such knowledge, he was able to remain a leading Communist for many years. And he worked zealously for an alliance of his party and the church. Let his fellow-Catholics now remember that before he rejoined them he wanted to make them the allies of the NKVD.

This is a terrible book. It is always terrible to read of how men turn themselves into puppets. The fact that after he had passed the age of fifty he needed to write a confession such as this presents a striking lesson for all Americans. Here are some of the fruits of totalitarianism. And by its fruits one shall know it. Louis Budenz reveals, in an extreme form, the experiences of thousands all over the world who welcomed the Popular Front when it was laid down by Dmitrov in Moscow in 1935. Others feel as he does. Some of them have already talked, and others will talk. Budenz's book is not likely to be an exception. It should be studied for its symptomatic value and also for its revelations. At the same time it is essential to stress the fact that Louis Budenz is a man who has only a strait-jacket to offer his fellow-countrymen. If we accept his pious advice, we have nothing to lose but our dignity and freedom.

JAMES T. FARRELL

Infantilism and Steinbeck

THE WAYWARD BUS. By John Steinbeck. The Viking Press. $2.75.

FROM the popular practice of honoring the makers of half-truths in order to stay clear of whole ones probably no living writer has profited more than John Steinbeck; and probably as good a way as any to indicate the diseases of the time would be to analyze the particular combination of narrative skill and dishonesty of mind involved in this triumph. Of the most obvious aspect of the dishonesty a good deal has been said already, and more will be, for Steinbeck's various falsifications of the "lower depths" of this country—swinging from one social sentimentality to another that cancels it out, and back again—have to do with more than the faulty vision that shows up in any ten pages of "The Grapes of Wrath," however effective the tear-jerking of which he is a master. There is also a will to irresponsibility which is never missing in this author's work, though it takes many forms, literal idiocy and immersion in the Communist Party being only two of them, and in which lies the root of more political troubles than Steinbeck will ever dramatize. But there is another aspect of this infantilism, and of its appeal in some quarters, too, no doubt, that is not so easy to stop and that bears more directly on "The Wayward Bus." That is the question of sex and the relations between men and

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STOP THIS MAD RUSH TO WAR!

"IT IS NOT A GREEK CRISIS THAT WE FACE, IT IS AN AMERICAN CRISIS. ONLY THE AMERICAN PEOPLE FULLY AROUSED AND PROMPTLY ACTING CAN PREVENT DISASTER." —*Henry A. Wallace*

PRESIDENT TRUMAN has set America upon the road to World War III. The claim that the proposed $400,000,000 loan will be used to bolster Democracy in Greece and Turkey will not hold water. In the first place, neither Greece nor Turkey is a Democracy. Secretary of State Marshall, suggesting the minimum changes required in Greece, called for political amnesty, participation of all elements in the government, and a host of other reforms which make it abundantly clear that Greece today is NOT a democracy. Turkey is run by the same gang of reactionaries who all during the war made millions from the sale of chrome to the Nazis. American lives also paid for that chrome. To embrace Turkey now and call her a Democracy and offer her our millions and perhaps our sons is indeed a perversion of everything we fought for.

What Greece Needs

Greece, like most of Europe, needs a peaceful period of reconstruction and rehabilitation. Greece needs FOOD, CLOTHING, MEDICAL SUPPLIES, MACHINERY, and FARM EQUIPMENT. Greece needs to rid herself of the quislings who have been placed in power by British guns and who have made Greece a land of prisons and Isles of Exiles. And until a truly democratic, coalition government comes to power, Greece will continue to seethe with civil strife. Hunger, starvation, and misery will continue to be her lot, and all the money and all the young men that America will sacrifice will not bring one shred of Democracy to this unhappy land. On the contrary, American intervention will only strengthen the present fascist government of Greece in its determination to exterminate all opponents and will leave the people no choice but to continue the struggle.

The Danger to America and World Peace

There is talk of a crisis in Greece. But it is the whole world that is in crisis because of American foreign policy. Our concern for the tottering fascists of Greece broadened overnight to include the feudal rulers of Turkey. The warlords of China long ago received our blessings, our money, and more military equipment than China received during the war. It is clear that no government is too reactionary for us to support so long as it is anti-Russian. This can only foreshadow a revival, on a vaster scale, of the anti-Comintern pact which resulted first in the destruction of Democracy in most of Europe and finally in the bloodiest slaughter in world history.

We Must Use the U. N.

Have we already forgotten the lessons of the war that we blithely by-pass and scuttle the United Nations Organizations? Why not refer the Greek situation to the U. N.? If Iran could be taken to the U. N. why not Greece? At this very moment a U. N. commission is investigating conditions in Greece. Why not await its findings? How do we justify this unilateral action . . . we who have always condemned it in others? There is no substitute for U. N. EXCEPT WAR.

The People Can Stop This Rush to War

Only an aroused people can stop this mad rush to war. Already there is hesitation in Congressional circles. All of us must speak up NOW. We must tell our President and our Congressmen that we are absolutely opposed to any loans to Greece until she has put her house in order—until democracy has been restored and all sections of the population are fully represented in the government, and until all political prisoners have been freed and all exiles returned from their barren Aegean purgatories. Then and only then should America help. For only then will she be helping democracy in Greece.

The Time Is Short

But there is little time left. Congress, afraid of an America awakened to the danger inherent in our present Greek policy, seeks to rush through the President's request for aid to Greek and Turkish reaction. They hope that by March 31st they can confront the people with a "fait accompli." Then it will be the old story. "We're in it now and we can't turn back." But we need not be "in it," if we but act quickly! An aroused public opinion, an America aware of the threat of war inherent in our present policy, can force the Administration and Congress to place the issue of Greece on the agenda of the United Nations Organization.

Funds Needed

Reaching the public with the facts is a very expensive undertaking. Newspaper advertising, mailings, public meetings, forums, speakers—all require a great deal of money. But no cause is more worthy. It is an investment in Democracy, an investment in the peace of the world. Our organization, American Council for a Democratic Greece, has carried on a continued educational campaign on the importance of Greece to world peace. We have sought to bring the truth about Greece to the American people. We have always advocated aid to the democratic people of Greece. We need funds to carry on our work. A stroke of your pen will mean a great deal. Make checks payable to:

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women in general, and it is relevant because the only conceivable purpose of this otherwise trite and meaningless book is to express an eruption of sexual interest so crude and obsessive as nearly to swamp even the technical talent that Steinbeck has usually had at his command.

This seems surprising only because the nature of his subjects until now has drawn attention chiefly to his social meanings, such as they are, and somewhat obscured the much deeper escapism in his treatment of adult human relations. But the process is embarrassingly clear, even to the glorification of the mother. His other women are the merest sex objects, usually rather comical and the stupider the better; and when he speaks of "love" he is referring to an association of men, at least two of his books being quite literal fantasies of escape into a world without women, that is, a world without the main component of adult responsibility. This was the childish charm of "Tortilla Flat" as well as the basic distortion in "Of Mice and Men," in which he made it quite plain that he was not even retreating into homosexuality but was simply abandoning the problem of sex as an integral part of life altogether. It is a separate, biological matter, so desperately kept apart from Steinbeck's thoughts of human beings in general that if women are capable of any personality or intelligence aside from bed and motherhood, no one would know it from his books, as witness the young moron who passes for a woman, and even an admirable one, among the male Communist heroes of "In Dubious Battle"; and even she is kept apart by having just had a baby. It is also suggestive that a writer so concerned with social injustice should never, as far as I can remember, have spoken of prostitution as anything but amusing.

All this adds up to one of the commonest, and saddest, maladies of the time, and it expresses itself in "The Wayward Bus" in a fashion that will be equally recognizable, especially to anyone who has ever traveled in a club car. This time the social implications, if there are any, are lost in the hay; the contrivance of throwing an assortment of characters together in a public vehicle has an air of being a stock one even if it is not, the characters have the same air and are, and the only overt motivation of the whole business is to show, as the blurb says and with no more irony, that we all have our heartaches, etc. But the real purpose is to lead up to the moment toward the end when the bus breaks down on a lonely mountain road, and all its occupants except one old man who is having a stroke can scamper or be dragged off into the bushes. It is a story of sexual polarity, the two main forces in which are a kind-hearted "cookie" named Camille, who causes all men to lick their lips and say "Whew!" and who makes her living sitting in large wineglasses at stag conventions, and the half-Mexican bus-driver Juan, representing what is perhaps the noblest effort Steinbeck has ever made to create a grown-up man. But he is spoiled, too, by being paired off in the crisis with a stereotyped college girl, who felt "swollen and itchy" at her first sight of him, and who when she feels sexually rebuffed says to herself, "Basket-ball . . . that's the stuff"; so that the D. H. Lawrence episode we have been led up to through 200 pages turns out to have more the quality of peanut brittle. Other figures in the parade are an unattractive waitress dreaming, of all things, of Clark Gable; an adolescent youth with acne, called Pimples; a well-off business man borrowed whole from Sinclair Lewis—"Wherever he went he was not one man but a unit in a corporation, a unit in a club, in a lodge, in a church, in a political party"—and his wife, who provides what ought to become some kind of classic among writings on the female mind: "Bernice too could draw a magic circle around herself, with motherhood, or, say, menstruation, a subject like that, and no man could or would try to get in."

This extraordinary performance is by the man who is reported to be one of the two or three modern American writers most highly regarded in Europe and Russia, and who has been praised at length by some of the most astute critics in France. It is also a current Book-of-the-Month Club selection; if it were not, at least if it were not by Steinbeck, it is doubtful whether anyone would have reviewed it. And yet though its cheapness is easier to see, not being hidden behind picturesque personalities or a righteous cause, essentially it is of a piece with the rest of his work, and

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ought to inspire a little sober questioning of the nature of the author's popularity. For the reputation he enjoys in Europe, aside from the French respect for some of the technical equipment he shares with and may have learned from Hemingway, there are presumably some extra-literary reasons such as curiosity about American life, because, unlike Saroyan, Steinbeck has known how to make the most of his California surroundings. To some extent the same curiosity probably operates here. But it is not on those grounds that he is most discussed, and this latest book makes one wonder again whether the Steinbeck phenomenon may not represent above all an increasing yearning in people to be either morally incapacitated or, what amounts to the same thing, the victims of some insuperable force.

ELEANOR CLARK

Platonic Bohemian

SHELLEY: A LIFE STORY. By Edmund Blunden. The Viking Press, $3.75.

NOW that Shelley has been mocked, lamented, and vilified, now that his life has been academically explored by Newman Ivey White and then, again, more microscopically, by Robert Metcalf Smith, with opposite conclusions, there would seem to be small room for Mr. Blunden even if he has tempered his scholarship to the "general reader." We have, for the moment, exhausted the Shelley biography. The "general reader" will probably still wish to think of Shelley as Ariel; the literary historians will still rely on White or Smith, according to their persuasions.

As a life of Shelley we could hope for little from Blunden's book. As criticism we could hope for everything. And we get nothing, or almost nothing, beyond a sensitive and reliable comment on Shelley's literary affiliations. In a rigorous sense all the Shelley criticism is still to write.

Here and there Blunden enlarges our interpretations—when, for example, he emphasizes Shelley's wit and suggests that the caprice and illusion of "Prometheus Unbound" and "The Witch of Atlas" are operatic. There are, however, distortions: he dislikes Godwin too much or else does not understand him. There is also too much Victorian appreciation—Shelley's "dearest adventure was simply watching the changing and eternal heavens above him, their gathering thunderstorms, their delicate gossamer clouds, . . ." and so on.

The pity is that Blunden has missed his opportunity, critically, for the poetic problem in Shelley is inseparable from the biography. It is nothing less than Art and Neurosis or Art and Society.

Except for Mario Praz critics have not been much concerned with the romantic agony, its confusion of impulse, its ambiguities and paradoxes. For Shelley the delight in sorrow, the "shadow of the pleasure which exists in pain," is sweeter than pleasure itself. Hence open those abysses in the soul, those ambivalences that paralyzed Schopenhauer and drove a frantic Nietzsche, later, to transvalue all values. Read believes that the separateness of Shelley is really an integrity of personality. Blunden is not deceived as to Shelley's integrity, though he does no more than describe his "many-sided" temperament. The many-sided temperament is a fissure within the romantic world-view. Shelley creates, like Schopenhauer, his own

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world as a projection of his *ideas* and his *will*. For Schopenhauer the world "is there only as idea," an extension of our consciousness. Since consciousness is will, it is also there as an extension, a mirror, of our own urgencies. Further, the activity of the will is from suffering to suffering, for "the basis of all willing is need, deficiency, and thus pain"; and the fulfilment of the will is satiety or despair—like the frustration in those unbidden chants issuing from Shelley's incandescent mind. What began as Shelley's dilemma of will and idea was resolved in Carlyle and Nietzsche as a *mystique* of violence.

The narrower, more literary problem in Shelley is the paradox of pleasure in sorrow, *Weltschmerz*, the desire to surrender without the ability to do so, the vision that is pain, the attainment that is ennui, the pursuit that is escape. Ecstasy and death, triumph and defeat—that is the agony upon which Shelley endlessly improvises in his life and in his verse. Prometheus suffers and defies; his Byronic insolence, through a feat of pity, forgiving wrongs darker than death or night, makes the world anew by a submission that is no submission at all. In "Adonais" Shelley presents himself as a Power girt round with weakness. Beneath the affirmation of an awful Beauty is the terrible fear that even the poetic triumph of the dead Keats did not allay:

> Whence are we, and why are we?
> of what scene
> The actors or spectators?

Similarly in "Alastor" the attainment of the ideal is defeat, death—the poet is hounded to destruction by the vision for which he quests. Thus Life becomes Death, Pursuit becomes Flight, and Vision ends in Annihilation. Out of disillusion springs the wildest assertion, in which will is only desperate wish. Blunden does not speculate upon the final line of Shelley's final poem, the inescapable riddle: "Then, What is life? I cried." Behind the painted veil, the many-colored glass, lurk Fear and Hope, Shelley's twin destinies. The high Promethean triumph is the vision created by Hope from the wreck of what it contemplates. The achievement is not stoicism but idealism, not attainment but perpetual quest and reaffirmation of illusion.

Throughout Shelley's illuminations the veiled maid, his most obsessive symbol of the Ideal, is a figment of the will. The vision was never realized in woman herself—Harriet, Mary, Claire, Emily; and thus Shelley was cruel. Blunden notes Harriet's verdict: "This is a vampire." Shelley's special hypocrisy—dividing him from Blake, a visionary who scorned the curtain of flesh over the bed of desire—is his self-deception in his sexual impulses. Always in Shelley Venus Pandemos—she of Eros—is disguised as the pure Uranian Venus.

The rapture of "Epipsychidion" is death, too: "I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire." Read has diagnosed the malady as narcissism. Undeniably Shelley's intensest Platonic vision is orgastic, both possession and surrender.

The fierce luminism of Shelley's imagery is also rapture and death, the flame before extinction; for life is light and death is dark. "A Vision of the Sea" is for Blunden an "inedited conception of the terrible." It is more—a burning chaos, like the conflagrations of Turner, of the impulses to life and to death; the inedited Shelley was as savage a *voyant* as Rimbaud. As he lies in the agony of his neurosis among the Euganean Hills, senseless and cold when the "solid darkness black" closes over him, the sun springs up within a chasm of light and flames over Venice; at once in Shelley mounts the brilliant vitality that is pain, and then as the illumination is withdrawn, the blackness of defeat. (Ruskin knew the same visitation, the infuriating radiance and then the night, the will to renounce; his very prose is luminist.) Shelley's Platonism was never authentic; his Ideal was never more than an instant of vision when intellectual beauty fell momentarily on him as he shrieked and clasped his hands in ecstasy. For the instant his will was imposed on a world consumed within his madness. But the triumph was defeat, for the brightness was transitory and could not insure to onward life either calm or liberation from the real world's dark slavery. The vision is at once compensation and alienation. The Blunden record includes Shelley's letter to Godwin: "My father has ever regarded me as a blot, a defilement of his honor." One thinks of Kafka; but in Kafka this alienation was acceptance of profound and final guilt. In Shelley it was intolerable revelation, then, immediately, exhaustion and a sense of inadequacy—"kindled he was, and blasted."

If art is neurosis, then in successful art, William Barrett has argued, the writer displaces his neurosis far afield and incorporates larger and larger areas of reality within it until a triumph of adjustment occurs in the imagination. But when the world is idea, this displacement is not achieved; the imaginative triumph is only another evasion, a further removal from reality. Blunden has submitted considerable evidence that Shelley might have belonged to the intelligentsia, the writers who correlate social with intellectual evolution. When Shelley visited the Groves, he wrote in disgust, "I am now with people who, strange to say, never *think*." One of his own thoughts was that "vile as aristocracy is, commerce is more contemptible." Yet, as Blunden admits, his revolt bears the marks of aristocracy. With a place to stand on, Shelley might have moved society. He had no such place. He was

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an intellectual disinherited because he understood the social problem only fitfully, illuded as he was by his Platonic version of Godwinism. With sad truth Hazlitt called him a philosophic madman. His art was deprived of its triumph because he was unable to incorporate large areas of reality within it.

Simply because to him the world is idea he is not, like Blake, the Aristotelian social man. His vision is not political. Shelley's revolution—as in "Prometheus Unbound"—occurs by a change of mind; when man is redeemed from his delusions and becomes "an ocean of pure emotion," tyranny is vanquished and the state of nature is reinstituted. In Nietzsche values are transvalued by force; in Shelley by ideas.

The close of "Prometheus," Shelley's ultimate social vision, establishes man as scepterless, uncircumscribed, king over himself. This sounds like Freudian liberation, or the stoicism of Bertrand Russell, who sees the free man defiant of the forces that rule his outward life and sustaining alone a private world that his own ideals have fabricated. The difference is that in Shelley's case the outward world, the reality principle, the trampling march of power, never existed. Shelley never accepted Godwin's determinism, the "immense and uninterrupted chain of causes and effects." He neo-Platonically transformed the mechanical atoms—necessity—into "the Universal Spirit," a benign pantheism.

The romantic paradox has nowhere been more injurious than in Shelley, and we welcome Blunden's generosity toward him. He was not of the intelligentsia; he was not a revolutionary. He was calamitously estranged—the Platonic bohemian. His political failure was, initially, a failure in imagination. In his "Defense of Poetry" he wrote that poetry is the expression of imagination, that the good man will imagine intensely, that he will "put himself in the place of another and of many others." By this definition the poetic imagination will perform a displacement into reality, a submission to necessity. Through this detachment, this comprehension, Shelley might have left his Byronic-Platonic world of will and idea. In verses like "The Masque of Anarchy"—his protest against the Peterloo massacre—Shelley in his wrath at social injustice becomes the political man. But he is not the poet because his neurosis—what is most personal to him—has not displaced itself into the world, and is only indirectly involved. There is reference to reality instead of an appropriation of reality; the triumph of "The Masque of Anarchy" is political, not imaginative. In 1821, at last—shortly before he was drowned—Shelley seems to have understood, by a conversion resembling Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty," that his imagination must, in humility, incorporate larger areas from the real world, that he must establish himself

> On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
> Of hopes and fears . . .

Too late, his political imagination finally rose up against the idealist-immoralist who had made madness beautiful.

WYLIE SYPHER

Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

WILLIAM McCLEERY, the author of "Parlor Story" (Biltmore Theater), will probably never know why he hasn't a smash hit on his hands. What, he must be asking himself, did "State of the Union" and "Dear Ruth" have that I haven't got?

One answer might possibly be: precious little—and that is the trouble. Half of "Parlor Story" is a bit too much like the first of these hits and the other half a bit too much like the second. But that answer, though neat, would be more convincing if audiences were not rather more prone to like than to resent the comfortable discovery that they know in a general way what they are in for, and I am afraid the limit of my helpfulness will have been reached when I assure Mr. McCleery that the answer, if he ever discovers it, will be found to have something to do with the show business rather than with either art or intelligence.

We like to think that contemporary playwriting operates on a somewhat higher level than it did in the days when Eugene Walter confessed that it was essentially a trade and when the maxim "Plays are not written but rewritten" was supposed to sum up the attitude of a skilful practitioner. Sometimes, more often, I think, than thirty or forty years ago, it does actually operate on that higher level. A man with something to say and merely a reasonably competent way of saying it has at least a chance. But the fact remains that so far as the run-of-the-mill comedy or drama is concerned the difference between a smash hit and "what closes Saturday night" is determined, nine times out of ten, by the success or failure of the author or his director to exhibit some slick shrewdness which is so far from being important from any other standpoint and so largely a matter

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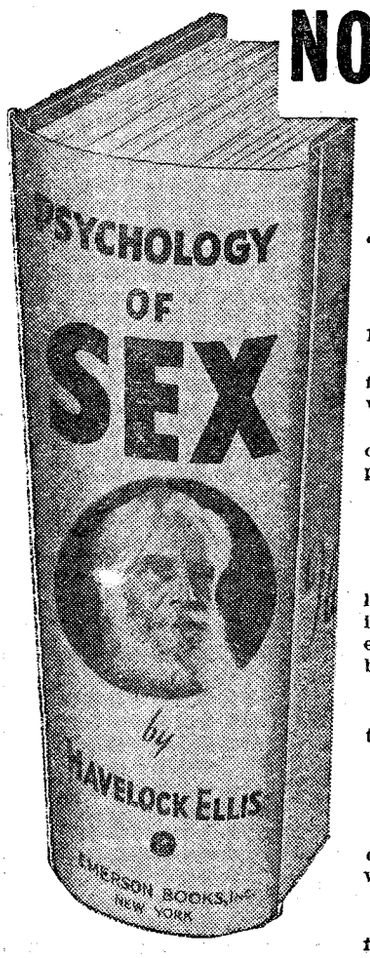
of the mode of the moment that I doubt it will still be detectable ten years from now, when, to return to our previous example, the difference between "State of the Union" and "Parlor Story" will have ceased to exist. I am told, and I take it on faith, that a really skilful milliner can, by the mere touch of a finger here and there, make all the difference between a hat for which an ultra-fashionable woman would pay a hundred dollars and one which she would not wear to a dog fight or a parent-teachers' meeting. The difference between a smash hit and a failure is often of the same order.

"Parlor Story" is concerned with a professor of journalism who finds himself in the middle of a political intrigue when he is proposed as candidate for the presidency of his Midwestern university. Most reviewers complained that there was rather too much of this plot, which really means, of course, that it was too obviously contrived. But "State of the Union" has a plot which could hardly be less inevitable or more deliberately pushed around in just the directions its authors have decided it ought to go. Both plays try to buoy themselves up with smart dialogue, and there is, so it seems to me, rather more spontaneity in "Parlor Story" than in the smash hit. Indeed, as most of the reviewers noted, there is a good deal of warmth and charm as well as humor in the conversation which Mr. McCleery has written and which Walter Abel, especially, speaks with informal ease. There is nothing exactly new in the sub-plot, involving the elder of the professor's two adolescent daughters and the love affair of one of them with the editor of the college paper whose editorial against that outworn institution called marriage gives the professor's enemies their talking point. But it is quite an ingratiating family, and it doesn't seem fair that by lacking so little a play and a production should, on Broadway, lose everything.

At the Century Theater "The Chocolate Soldier" gets a lavish, well-sung, and beautifully costumed revival in a version which has been subject to no very drastic modernization. It is due, I think, for a successful run but also pretty certain to be the subject of violent disagreement between those to whom it seems delightfully quaint and those to whom it is merely old-fashioned enough to be thoroughly tiresome. Despite the fact that the librettist took a Shaw play as his starting-point, he managed to fashion out of it a book which follows with positively Byzantine fidelity every tradition of the romantic operetta, and he constructed the action around the four inevitable dramatis personae—hero, heroine, soubrette, and comic—whose types are as fixed as those in a Punch and Judy show. The composer adhered with the same fanatical piety to the established formula, and having first written the big waltz song to be introduced in the first act and then having dutifully arranged to bring it in as a *réprise* at the end of the second, where it always comes, he felt himself relieved of the responsibility of doing more than providing listenable but forgettable melodies to be scattered here and there. In the present production Frances McCann and Keith Andes sing very agreeably the romantic leads, which they act with a certain degree of stiffness, and Billy Gilbert plays the comic with a good mastery of the absolutely standard technique. Since we are inclined—perhaps often with reason—to regret the good old days, it may be worth while to point out that there is five times the invention in one act of "Oklahoma!" that there is in the whole of "The Chocolate Soldier," but I



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Music

B. H. HAGGIN

IT IS not a lack of proper respect for musical scholarship that has produced my occasional unfavorable comments on the operations of the German musicologists in our midst, but a proper lack of respect for the poor quality and the misuses of their scholarship. This column's favorite correspondent is at present satisfying a desire for factual knowledge with which he is and will be able, on suitable occasions, to document or amplify the judgments of a first-rate critic. That is all right; what is wrong is the fact-grubbing of people for whom this is a substitute for the esthetic response to music they are incapable of, and who then claim a validity and importance for their "objective" facts which they deny to "merely subjective" judgments of value.

My correspondent passes on to me the results of his researches when he thinks they will interest or amuse me. And the following item gave me the pleasure he expected:

> On p. 829 of his magnum opus ["Music in Western Civilization"] Herr Professor Doktor Lang informs us that Auber's "La Muette de Portici" (1828) founded the French grand opera—which may or may not be true, but which is a statement often found in music histories. On the same page he also says Auber's opera was a success. But on p. 832, when he gets to Meyerbeer's "Robert Le Diable," he tells us that "the modest beginnings of 'La Muette' had been forgotten." This is absurd on the face of it; a successful opera just isn't forgotten in three years. I looked up "La Muette" in Lajerte's "Bibliothèque Musicale du Théâtre de l'Opéra" (vol. 2, p. 130) and found that up to 1876 it had had, in fact, 471 performances, and had not been out of the repertory between 1828 and 1852. Lang could have looked also; but nobody except an unthinking fool would have made the statement he did in any event.

That could stand as the complete and sufficient comment on the equipment, methods, and achievements of the man who at Harvard University's symposium on music criticism presumably will repeat his denunciation of the ignorance of musical journalists and his demand that newspapers remedy this by opening their columns to musical scholars.

But I wish there were space to supplement it with a detailed description of another performance of the Herr Professor Doktor—his review of the fourth volume of Ernest Newman's "Life of Richard Wagner" in the July 1946 issue of the *Musical Quarterly*, and in particular his method of dealing with the "Bombastes Furioso" appendix. The appendix is concerned with a paragraph from Carl Engel's review of the third volume, and is largely a demonstration that this paragraph about "the royal patient" reveals Engel's ignorance of the published evidence that the doctors who certified King Ludwig's insanity had never even "been in his presence, exchanged a single word with him." Lang omits Engel's paragraph and Newman's discussion of it; instead he states falsely that Newman "rehabilitates the King, pronounces him hale and hearty" (as well as correctly that Newman pronounces the King "the victim of unscrupulous politicians"), and answers this with evidence of the King's insanity. I don't need to say what would happen to a physicist or a geneticist who, writing in a scientific journal about someone's report on a piece of work, suppressed the essential part of the material he was supposedly discussing and misrepresented the rest. Nor do I have to add that nothing of the sort has happened to Lang for doing this with Newman's appendix. On the contrary, he has been given a column in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, where—after having screamed once against the type of music criticism concerned with "the amorous adventures of singers and virtuosi" which "in our day . . . appears in so-called biographies (*cf.* Ernest Newman's 'Liszt')"—he recently published a vulgar account of Liszt's amorous adventures.

Another letter from my correspondent brought me the news of his discovery of a French musicologist who "beats the Germans on their own ground—thoroughness and accuracy—and in addition has an obvious flair for, and love of, music; and being a Frenchman he writes a prose that reads like a sane language and always makes good sense. His name is Lionel de la Laurencie; he wrote the article in Lavignac on 'La Musique française de Lulli à Gluck,' and his great work is a history of the seventeenth and eighteenth century French school of violinists." By now my correspondent was certain that "French musical scholars are as good as the Germans or better, and have been passed over simply because the Germans have all been blowing their horns like mad for the last fifty years while the French have been backward in the fine art of self-advertising."

This was only one of his comments on the bias of the Germans in favor of their own achievements in music, and the way they have imposed it on our musical life—which I too have been made aware of. A couple of years ago, discussing Dr. Willi Apel's Harvard Dictionary of Music, which I said was the only good book the German scholars had given us, I mentioned the bibliographies in it that referred mostly to obscure and inaccessible German publications, and the article on music criticism—a shockingly sloppy and shoddy job of scholarship in the assembling of its factual material—in which Dr. Hugo Leichentritt held that "Eduard Hanslick, who wrote from 1864 for the *Neue Frei Presse* (Vienna), may justly be called the father of musical journalism"—in disregard of Berlioz's writing in the Paris *Journal des Débats* from 1835 to 1863. A few weeks ago I happened to look up the article on conducting, and discovered that Dr. Archibald T. Davison had added a few English and American treatises to Wagner's and Weingartner's in the bibliography, but not Berlioz's. And I also found that the editor had added to the entirely German bibliography of the article on the concerto only the worthless book by Veinus—omitting Tovey's great monograph in "Essays in Musical Analysis" and the well-known French book by Girdlestone.

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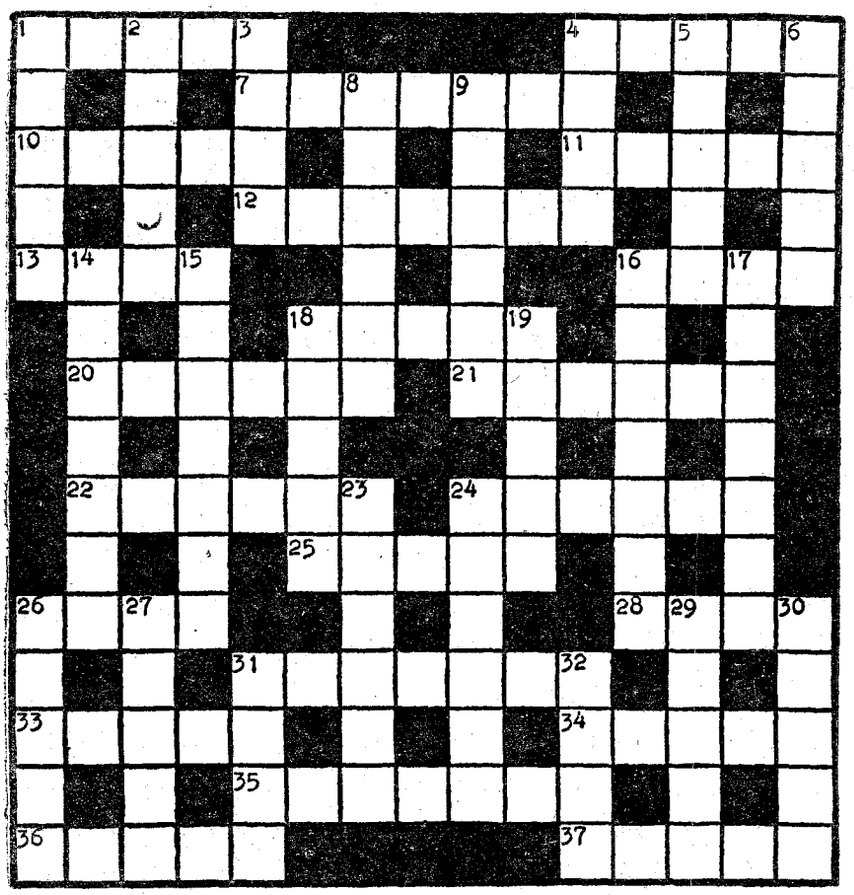
Crossword Puzzle No. 205

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Sal I see is involved with the law
4 A hot favorite in India
7 One was in Elsinore and another in the Battle of Trafalgar
10 We hardly find any persons of good sense save those who ----- with us, said La Rochefoucauld
11 The youngster is simply cut out for graft
12 A figment of the imagination
13 Provides many a turn on the radio
16 Often described as mountainous, but are only a few feet high
18 Shoulder high
20 Time of the conjuror's, and sometimes the conductor's, wand
21 Appetite comes with this—or Montaigne's did
22 Flak?
24 They are not pot shots that he takes
25 I wept for this bird
26 Pretty strung up
28 Not in good taste
31 Whereon kings sit in state
33 Sounds like Napoleon's famous marshal of horse
34 Pater is better for a change
35 Puts one's name down
36 What not to do at the photographer
37 It is vital to maintain the beat

DOWN

1 "There goes the parson, O illustrious -----!"
2 How Handel exorcised a household spirit
3 Man in a tall hat
4 Comfortable surroundings for tea
5 Bring up
6 Snaky (anag.)
8 Stock farm in Mexico, perhaps
9 An Irishman
14 The oldest salt
15 "It is more ------- to give than to receive," as any prizefighter will tell you
16 A ski? No, another kind of footwear
17 Enraged, a French angel gets red
18 Condescend to produce something to drink
19 A John whom Caesar might have distrusted
23 Reigned supreme during the first French revolution
24 Though obvious, may need interpretation
26 Where they prohibit very loud music in Canada?
27 I go, Ma (anag.)
29 If you want to make a marine blue, give him this
30 Otherwise the aigrette
31 An article and a letter are in that case
32 Badge of distinction

□—□—□—□

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 204

ACROSS:—1 HINDUSTANI; 6 AWNS; 10 ANCIENT; 11 SQUARED; 12 PLODDERS; 13 EXITS; 15 OATHS; 17 HALF-BAKED; 19 NICODEMUS; 21 EXTOL; 23 TICKS; 24 VEHEMENT; 27 BIDDING; 28 AIR CELL; 29 EASY; 30 PLATELAYER.

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